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THE PHANTOM ARMY.

And I saw a phantom army come,
With never a sound of fife or drum,
But keeping step to a muffled beat
Of waiting lamentation;
The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville—
The men whose wasted bodies fill
The patriot graves of the nation.

And then came the unknown dead, the men
Who died in fever swamp and fen,
The slowly starved of prison pen;
And marching beside the others,
Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,
With limbs enfranchised and bearing bright
I thought—'twas the pale moonlight—
They looked as white as their brothers.

And so all night marched the nation's dead,
With never a banner above them spread,
No sign save the bare, uncovered head
Of their silent grim Reviewer;
With never an arch but the vaulted sky,
With not a flower save those which lie
On distant graves, for love could buy
No gift that was purer or truer.

So all night long moved the strange array.
So all night long till the break of day
I watched for one who had passed away
With a reverent awe and wonder;
Till a blue cap waved in the lengthening line,
And I knew that one who was kin of mine
Had come, and I spoke—and, Lo! that sign
Wakened me from my slumber.

—Bret Harte in Chicago Tribune.

HE RODE TO WIN.

"I did not know you had so much poetry in your composition," observed Mrs. Anstruther languidly.

Lelia Marsden arranged the delicate lace at her wrist with an air of abstraction. "He is very good looking, and he rides splendidly," she said, "and he—er—he does love me to distraction, you know."

"As many others probably will do before your time is over, my dear; but that has nothing to do with the case. You must get married, and Templo is just the man for you. As for the other one, he'll get over it in time they always do. You are surely not going to trouble your silly little head about him?"

Miss Marsden rose and walked across the room to the veranda. "I'll think about it," she said, half turning in the doorway to glance back at her sister. "I'll think about it, and I'll make up mind this evening. There! I can't promise more than that, can I, Rose? You are satisfied, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am satisfied," replied Mrs. Anstruther; and, as she dozed through the long afternoon that followed, she allowed her sister to figure very prominently in her dreams as the wife of Maj. Templo Arburton, of the —— hrs and future baronet.

Sizzaland is famous for its pretty girls; but prettiest and most striking of all was Leila Marsden at the race ball that night. "Race ball" is, perhaps, too big a term to be properly applied to it; but the arrival of a couple of regiments on their way to the frontier had stirred up Sizzaland to sports on three days of the week, the race ball intervening.

"You'll come down to see the finish to-morrow, Miss Marsden?" asked Tommy Campbell, the wit of Sizzaland, as he strolled up to Leila that evening and asked her for a dance. "There's the cup race coming off, you know, and the ladies' handicap, and the race Willoughby rides to win—the one with the lady as prize."

"What do you mean?" asked Leila, laughing.

"He means the ladies' prize race," said Maj. Arburton, standing close behind her, and glowering at Campbell over her shoulder.

"And is Mr. Willoughby quite likely to win it?" asked Leila, somewhat indifferently.

"The betting is all on him; but he's got a ticklish mount, and I don't like that left hand corner of the course. With a pulling horse, and a vicious brute into the bargain, you stand a rare chance of jumping the hedge and disappearing down the precipice. Can't imagine why they don't arrange things better in this outlandish land; but then I never have seen the advantages of India. Beg your pardon, Miss Marsden, didn't mean a pun." And he disappeared among the dancers with a comical look on his face, while Leila laughed forcedly and turned to her partner.

"How odd he is!" she said. "By the way, what horse is Mr. Willoughby going to ride to-morrow in the ladies' race?"

"One of mine—Mazeppa. You seem to take a great interest in that fellow Willoughby." [Jealously.]

"Not at all. He is rather a friend of my sister's," replied Leila carelessly. "Are not you going to ride in this interesting race, Maj. Arburton?"

"If you wish it [very tenderly], and if my weight will allow of it." [Doubtfully.]

The mixed sentiment jarred on Leila; but he was rich, in a good regiment, with excellent prospects. What mattered it that he was far beyond 30, and no longer so slim as he had been! It was a good match for a penniless girl, as she had no choice; and so, long before the evening was over, people were whispering together concerning Miss Marsden and Maj. Arburton, and a report flew about that he had proposed and been accepted.

The truth or otherwise of such statements was not to be read on Leila's face. To all outward observance she was as calm and haughty and beautiful as ever. None knew that she looked at her programme over and over again to make sure that there was no mistake, and that the initials "C. C. W." scrawled against the fifteenth valse made her await that dance with a sickening heart.

It came at last. The band struck up the strains of a well known valse, the room began to fill, and presently Leila Marsden, with paler cheeks than usual and a strange beating of the heart, was floating round with Charlie Willoughby as partner.

"Shall we sit the rest out?" he asked, when they paused at length.

Leila bent her head in assent, and they passed out of the room on to the long low veranda; somewhat to the dismay of her sister, who had watched them eagerly while together. The moonlight threw the girl's pale face and tall slight figure into strong relief against the dark veranda background. Charlie Willoughby leant against a pillar overrun with creeper, and looked at her fixedly. He made no excuse for himself, nor did he break the silence between them. His eyes searched her face as though he would read there what he dared not trust himself to hear.

Presently Leila spoke. Her voice sounded faint and far away even to herself. "I hear," she said; leadingly, "that you are going to ride a very vicious horse to-morrow in the ladies' prize race. Please don't ride it; please do not."

"And I hear that you are engaged to marry Maj. Arburton" (without the slightest reference to her appeal). "Is that true, Leila, or is it not?"

She looked down and traced a little pattern on the stone floor with her foot.

"Is it true, or is it not?" he repeated fiercely.

She lifted her eyes to his, and saw there the passion which trembled in his voice.

"Don't be angry; oh, do not!" she cried, putting up her hand with a deprecating gesture; "they have made me do it. I am a burden to my sister, you know; and I couldn't stand it any longer; and he is not so bad; but I love you the best—oh, so much the best! You know it; only I—I—I am so miserable."

"Dearest," he said gravely, never for an instant removing his eyes from the fair piteous face; "so am I—very miserable; so have I been for the past month; but my misery doesn't seem to touch you much. So you are going to marry this Croesus, this elderly future baronet, and throw me over quite, are you, Leila?"

She twisted and untwisted her hands nervously, but made no reply.

"And you are good enough to take sufficient interest in me to wish me not to break my neck to-morrow?"

She was still silent.

"Very good. Then listen to me. I ride to-morrow, and I ride to win, and you are to be the prize. Yes, you—do not look so startled—you. I ride to win, or I ride to— Never mind that part of the business. If I win I shall consider you mine in spite of all the Maj. Arburtons in the world. If not—do you understand the alternative, Leila?"

She bent her head. Could she avoid understanding it?

"It lies with you," he went on steadily. "You know my horse, you know the race-course, you know me. If to-morrow before starting you bid me ride to win, very good; if not— The music has begun again. Shall I take you back to your elderly future baronet?"

"My dear Leila, what nonsense?" cried Mrs. Anstruthers. "Rub your cheeks, child, and drink this wine. You look as white as a ghost, and about as unhappy. Not go to the races! You will have every one saying it is all off again just as it is all on. It is too aggravating of you, really."

It was the day following the ball. Leila, in her sister's room, was utterly refusing to accompany her to the race course, and equally positive in her refusal to see Maj. Arburton.

"I know what it is," Mrs. Anstruther went on angrily; "that boy has been talking nonsense to you. It was too foolish of you to give him a dance last night. If I had known of it I should have taken you home, most certainly."

"He did not talk nonsense, and he is not foolish, nor is he a boy," cried Leila vehemently; and then she gave way and relapsed into copious weeping.

"At any rate he is only a sub-lieutenant, and cannot possibly have more than five hundred a year. And what is more, he doesn't mean it seriously with you. If you throw over Maj Arburton now you will be throwing him over for a mere shadow. Everybody knows what a flirt Charlie Willoughby is. He makes love to every girl he meets."

"That isn't true!" exclaimed Leila, with an effort at drying her tears.

"Pish! How about Fanny Hope, and one or two others I could mention?" Silence. "And how about his debts?" Silence. "And his gambling—and that actress, and"——

Leila sprang to her feet. "I won't listen any more!" she cried. "I do care for him, and I hate Maj. Arburton, and I won't marry him, and I will not go to the races today."

Mrs. Anstruther grew pale. She felt her last chance was going. "Then I shall have to remind you," she said firmly, "that I cannot support all my brothers and sisters all their lives. I did my best for Nell, and I am doing my best for you. You seem to forget that I have children of my own to be brought up. I counted on your marrying as soon as possible. I did not count on your throwing up a reasonable chance."

It was cruel, but it had its effect. Leila turned very white, then she moved to the door. "I will go with you," she said, scarcely above a whisper.

The ladies' prize race was the next on the programme. Considerable excitement prevailed among the fair sex as to who would win it. Leila alone sat calm and unmoved among the spectators. She did not seem to hear or see anything till suddenly there was a little stir and a bustle, and murmurs of "Of course he'll win;" "He's sure of the race;" "I feel inclined to congratulate you already, Mr. Willoughby; you look so like winning," etc.

The hero of the race took little notice of such like remarks. He made his way to Leila and bent low over her.

"Which is it to be?" he asked.

For an instant earth and sky reeled round her, then her brain cleared, and she saw his face, resolute, handsome, desperate. She hesitated for one instant, then she spoke:

"Ride to win."

The words were so low he could scarcely hear them, but when he turned away there was a smile in his eyes.

The horses and their riders were drawn up in a line. Leila strained her eyes to watch every movement of black and white, Mr. Willoughby's colors. Mazeppa fidgeted and caught at the bit. There was some little delay, then the flag was dropped; they were off. At first breathless silence, then growing excitement. The course was a small one, and the race was to be run twice round.

Maj. Arburton, who had not taken part in it, uttered a "Thank God!" as Mazeppa passed the dangerous corner in safety for the first time. "Blue's to the front; no, yellow's pushing up, no, that's Meldon. Stick to it, Meldon. Willoughby's passed him. By Jove! he's got his work cut out for him with that horse. Now they're neck and neck. Good race. No, Willoughby's gaining; no, Meldon; no—by heaven!"

A scream from one of the ladies, a general consternation in the grand stand, a sudden cessation of interest in the race. Charlie Willoughby rode to win, but the providence he had dared revenged itself on him. Mazeppa had forced the bit between his teeth, shied away from the course and, leaping the frail protection of a hedge which separated it from the side of the hill, had disappeared with his rider.

"It was a narrow shave, and no mistake," said Charlie Willoughby, going over the story for the hundredth time with his wife the second month of their marriage.

"But the best part of it all was when I knelt down beside you and would not leave you," laughed Lelia. "I shall never forget Maj. Arburton's face, nor his words next day when he told me all was over between us, and that the best thing I could do, after having made such an exhibition of myself, was to marry 'that young puppy.'"

"No," said her husband tenderly; "the best part of it all was that I rode to win, and that I did win—what I most wanted—my wife."
—London World.

Why.

In a suburban school the other day it fell to the turn of a stout boy of 12 to read the following sentence for the account in the reading book of the battle of Yorktown:

"The assault upon the British works was made by 500 picked men from the American ranks."

And the boy read it:

"The assault upon the British works was made by 500 pick-ed men."

The idea suggested by this reading was so droll that the teacher asked the boy:

"What do you suppose that means?"

"Oh," said he, "I suppose they took the pick-ed men so they could run them through the enemy's ranks easier."

This brings to the Listener's mind the notion of his friend, little Pete, who, when he was taken to see the turnout of militia last fall, explained to his brother the use of the spiked helmets of the soldiery:

"They have those so that when they are in a battle they can duck their heads down and bunt right into the enemy!"—Boston Transcript.

A KISS FOR A DOLLAR.

An Angler's Experience While Trouting on a Michigan Stream.

A contributor to The Forest and Stream gives this charming account of an angling episode on a Michigan trout stream:

As I wound my joy inspiring way along the river I was ever alert for the radiant trout, and enticed many a one to my quivering bait and to my creel. I knew my companion would hang his banner on high if he badly defeated me, and therefore I worked with might and main, passing no tempting spot unfished that I thought contained the quarry. As I waded around a sloping bank, thick with sedate alders, my eyes were gladdened with a sight of a little boy and girl sitting on a log under the shade of a spreading oak. The girl had a bright and winsome look, with curls of gold and cheeks like apples, and wore a straw hat askant on her yellow hair that gave her decidedly a prepossessing appearance. Her barefooted brother with his bright eyes, sunny face and rustic costume was as picturesque as a shepherd boy. The little people so attracted me that I waded ashore to have a chat with them. The boy eyed me keenly as I approached, and asked if I had many trout, and if I were fishing with a fly. I opened my basket and let the children take a peep at the golden hued fish, and then confessed to the boy that I was one of those contemptible bait fishermen. He then told me that he had some fifteen trout in his fish box, which was fastened in the water near by, and that he wished to dispose of them, but he said that he always had poor luck in selling to bait fishermen, as they always caught enough to satisfy themselves.

"You don't sell to fly fishermen?" I inquired.

"Oh! yes, sir, quite frequently."

"And why to them?"

"Because at this season of the year they hardly catch any."

"I'm surprised that these high art anglers would buy trout."

"They do, though, but they always tell me not to give 'em away."

"Do you?"

"I can't, for I don't live in town. My house is down by the bridge."

"Do you ever sell any to bait fishermen?"

"Very seldom; they always have 'em."

Here the little girl quickly spoke up and said: "Last season he sold a lot to one."

"How was that?"

"Why," you see," said the lad, "there were two men trouting here. The first one that passed was fishing so hard that he paid no attention at all to us, only saying, 'Good morning, children,' and then hurried on. After a while his partner came along, and as he passed close to me I asked him if he didn't want to buy some trout. At this he smiled and came ashore and inquired how many I had. I told him twenty-five. He laughed right out and said, 'Get 'em quick!' I pulled my box ashore, and as I put them in his basket he smiled and laughed all over, saying, 'I'll snow him under now!' I didn't know what that meant then, but papa explained that he wanted to beat his partner. He never asked the price of 'em, but putting his hands in his pockets he drew out some money and gave me $3, and then tossed one to sis, saying, 'That's for you, little bright eyes,' and then he was gone like a flash, fishing as he went. Oh! he was such a handsome man. He had a gold chain around his neck and something on his little finger that sparkled like the sun. Papa said it was a diamond, and learned down at the tavern that he was a big banker from the east. Sis and I will never forget him."

"Did you ascertain whether he snowed his partner under?"

"Oh, yes; papa learned all about it, and said he beat him badly, and plagued him a great deal about it."

I was perfectly delighted with the conversation I had with the children, but as I was not in for the purchase of trout I told the little girl if she would give me a kiss I would give her a dollar. The little boy's eyes were all a sparkle at this, and, turning quickly to his little sister, he said:

"Sis, kiss the nice gentleman."

The little elfin then cheerfully got upon the outer end of the log near the water, and as she removed her straw hat her bright curls gracefully flowed over her nut brown shoulders, and the sun which struck this part of the oaken trunk bathed her head in crimson and gold, thus giving her the appearance of a little fairy queen that gamboll'd on heaths and danced on ev'ry green." As I presented my bronzed and furrowed face, with heavy beard and thick mustache, she bent forward, and her sweet, little innocent lips gave me a hearty kiss that I prized more highly than if it had been from the rosy mouth of maiden royal.

"Here's your dollar, sis, and one for you, bub," suiting action to word, and then I bade them a hasty good-by, and, wading out into the cold water, proceeded with my fishing, lest I also should be "snowed under." I turned and looked back at them before I passed the bend just ahead of me that would shut them out from my view, and there I beheld them both standing on the log intently watching me, with the little girl gracefully wafting kisses, to which I sincerely responded, and then the little romance of the stream was ended, but not forgotten, for it will always live in delightful memory as one of my rarest pleasures of trouting on the Boardman.

Still He Adhered to His Principle.

A clean, shrewd looking gentleman stepped into a street car on Pennsylvania avenue yesterday afternoon and took a seat inside. The conductor, who was in a conversational mood, turned to a gentleman who stood upon the platform, and said:

"You saw that man who just got on?"

"Yes."

"Well, I saw him do the foolest thing one day last winter that any man ever did."

"What was it?"

"He got on my car and gave me a dime out on the platform. I handed him a nickel, and in trying to put it into his pocket he dropped it and it rolled off into the slush. He made a dive for it, and in jumping off the car fell down and daubed himself all over. I stopped the car, but he said to go on; that he was going to find his nickel. So he pawed around in the soft snow till he found it, hopped aboard the next car, paid the nickel to that conductor, and reached home one car later and a good deal madder and mussier than he would if he had stayed on my car and let his nickel go."—Washington Post.

An Automatic Doctoring Machine.

It is announced that a Dutch apothecary has taken out a patent for an automatic doctoring machine. We do not look for jests from Holland, especially among the druggists, and, indeed, the project as described is quite feasible. The machine is shaped like a man; but this signifies nothing beyond advertisement. It is divided into compartments, each bearing the label of some disease above the "slit;" a sufferer chooses that which defers to his complaint, drops in his money and receives a pill, a powder or a draught suitable to his case. It is a lovely notion in itself; as good as a gold mine—or ever so much better—and a work of philanthropy besides. Myriads of our fellow creatures who toil through the day, inadequately supported by the prospect of a pill for tea, would find solace and strength renewed at each street corner.—London Standard.

Whiskers.

What is there that is so tremendously funny about the word whiskers? Instances where the use of it will not raise a laugh are hard to find. Hard as the fact may be to explain, it is nevertheless true that jokes in which whiskers, or reference to them, is matter how irrelevantly made, excite more merriment than any other form of witticism under the sun. A, let us say, who is smooth shaven, meets B, who rejoices in a flowing set of jowl trimmings. "Ha," says A, "you're looking pretty fine this morning, B; whiskers are well, I see." Whereupon A laughs uproariously and strides off leaving B sure that a good thing has been said, but slightly mystified as to its general purport. In the theatre the word is indispensable to the low comedian. In a play I witnessed some little time ago one of the comedians walked on the stage wearing a long set of gray whiskers. "Golly," cried the second comedian, who was standing near by, "what a chance for the wind!" Whereat the parquet tittered, the balcony laughed and the gallery howled itself into fits. For the boarding house funny man to remark that "the butter has whiskers on it" is to insure him a round of applause from his friends at the table, while if he makes the observation that the tardy dude of the establishment, who is late for dinner, is "combing his whiskers," his reputation as a wit will be firmly established for all time. It is all very wonderful, but very mysterious. Perhaps, in order to understand the full amount of humor contained in a reference to whiskers it is necessary to wear them. It is almost worth while raising a set to find it out.—Chicago Journal.

An Alleged Whim of Society Girls.

It is nothing new for society girls to imitate the tricks of facial expression and head pose of dramatic stars. Everybody has observed that the fair ones are not above this folly. They have not sat hours in a theatre during the season for nothing. They have not been students of the stage beauty without consciously or unconsciously adapting to their own personalities many a characteristic for the increasing of their own attraction. Ah, what countless new airs and graces, as well as new costumes, the Boston society young woman takes off with her for the summer's campaign at Newport or at Bar Harbor! Never yet has it quite been recognized what universal models, what potent teachers of pretty tricks of coquetry that enslave, or are supposed to enslave, the masculine heart, these actresses are. Who has not seen at every swell ball or reception some stately Mary Anderson, some black eyed, Frenchified Mlle. Rhea! And now who is this new little lady whose quaint, whimsical jerk of the head is all the fashion? Julia Marlowe, without doubt.—Boston Advertiser.

To Tell a Liar.

But how to tell a liar is often perplexing, indeed I never knew but one infallible rule for the detection of such. That was the plan employed by an aged Hibernian, whose boys attended the country school where in boyhood I imbibed knowledge, or at least was supposed to. In the quarrels and fights incident to school life it fell out frequently that the sons of Pat Carey were drubbed, or drubbed their opponents. When the former occurrence occurred it was the habit of Mr. Carey to bring his outraged offspring to the domiciles of us boys, and there proclaim our wickedness. In those visits he was wont to rely on the stories of his sons, stories which were directly opposed to those with which we justified ourselves to our parents. At such times it was Mr. Carey's habit to support the testimony of his children thus:

"Thomas, put out your tongue; ef you've been lyin' to yer father yer tongue 'll be black."

Whereupon Thomas would exhibit his tongue, and as it disclosed no ebon hue, Pat considered his cause triumphant.—C. C. Packard in Toledo Journal.

An Unlucky Gymnast.

In 1850 New York city was the theatre of another neck breaking episode in which the patient recovered. At one of the many gymnasiums one Thomas Chalmers tried the difficult feat of turning three summersaults in mid-air from a spring board.

He made two complete revolutions, but fell heavily on his head and shoulders before the third was completed, doubling his head under his shoulders in such a way as to split the third cervical vertebra and cause the fourth and second to touch each other after the third had been split and forced to either side.

The usual restoratives were resorted to, bandages were applied, and in less than an hour Chalmers was able to speak. Within seven weeks he could be turned in bed without endangering his life, and in less than three months was so far recovered as to be able to sit up two hours without fatigue. At the end of six months he was discharged as cured, and within 200 days from the time of the accident resumed his usual work.—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

A Puzzled Celt.

A class in a San Francisco art school was recently started by the sudden appearance in its midst of a dilapidated Irishman, who, with tears in his eyes, begged for enough money to get him a "bite." The first impulse of the presiding genius was to request him to move on, but his picturesque qualities suggested that he be given a chance to earn his supper by sitting as a model.

"Sit down," said the instructor, kindly. "If you will permit these young ladies to paint you, we will pay you four bits. What do you say?"

"Av ol'll let 'em wh-at?" replied the beggar, with a puzzled look on his face.

"Paint you. Paint you. It won't take very long."

"Bedad, ol want th' foor bits bad enough," he returned, after a moment's reflection, "an' ol'll be viry glu-ad t' let th' young la-adies paint me, av ye'll tell me how'll oi git th' paint arf av me afterwar-rds."—Harper's Magazine.

Sir Walter Scott's Street Fights.

Street fights of the "upper ten" boys with the town boys helped Scott "after long years" out of a troublesome conversational embarrassment with the Czar Alexander in Paris in 1815. The czar, seeing Scott in his blue and red dress of the Selkirkshire lieutenancy, and noticing his lameness, asked Scott in what engagement he had been wounded. Scott at first said that he suffered from a natural infirmity, but as this did not satisfy the czar, Scott added that he had been engaged "in some slight actions—such as the battle of the Cross Causeway and the affair of Moredun Mill"—and then managed to turn the conversation to some other subject.—Notes and Queries.

Discovery of America.

An historical burlesquer has it that the king of Spain once said to a distinguished navigator, "Columbus, can you discover America?"

"Certainly, your majesty, if you will give me a ship." He got the ship, he sailed far off and one day came to land. Hailing a chief on shore he asked:

"Is this America?"

"Yes; who are you?"

"I am Columbus."

"Of course." Then turning to his tribe he said: "There is no use denying it; we are discovered."—Exchange.

Mrs. Jason—Did you get very lonely while I was away, dear?

Mr. Jason—Rather. First two nights I didn't sleep at all. Then I got a couple of frogs and put them in the bed, down at the foot. After that I slept pretty well.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Stopped the Investigation.

The proficiency attained by the colored men who have charge of the hat rooms in large hotels is often surprising. They will pass out two hundred chapeaux without making a single mistake. A young man from Buffalo was so impressed with the performance at a New York hotel the other day that, in a tone of respectful admiration, he asked the phenomenon how he knew it was his hat. "Well, sah," was the brisk response, "I couldn't swar dat de hat was yourn, sah; I only knows it was de hat yo guv me." The bystanders smiled, and the youthful Buffalonian stopped the investigation right there.—Buffalo Commercial.

His Animal Group.

"How do I judge character?" said Marshall P. Wilder; "why, I always study a man's face for that. I fix his features indelibly in my memory by placing it in my animal group."

"Your animal group? What is that?"

"Oh, some men I liken to the fox—they are sly; the bear, growlers; the cat, treacherous; the horse, noble; the dog, faithful, the puppy, despicable; the terrier, snappy and snarling. Some faces are like rays of sunshine to me, and some are like black and ugly clouds. The only thing I can suggest to a man with a bad face is not to keep a hotel."

STRANGE AND GHASTLY.

GREWSOME TALK OF AN OLD SAN FRANCISCO UNDERTAKER.

Why He Found Pleasure in the Pursuit. Telltale Countenances—A Young Lady Assistant Who Fell in Love with a Dead Man and Went Insane.

One of the oldest undertakers in San Francisco recently told an Examiner reporter that he would not exchange occupations with any man in the state. Said he:

"I tell you there is a singular fascination in ministering to the wants of the dead, in placing over them garlands of flowers, nicely arranging their white faces, and laying their pale bodies in the last casket."

The old veteran went on portraying the pleasures of his pursuit, and as he gave the details of his weird vocation he grew into an ecstasy not unlike the reveries of an opium eater. Continuing, the undertaker said:

"Experience has taught me that familiarity with the dead takes the sting from the grave. My business puts death in a less terrifying light than the pictures which the imagination draws where the actual is seldom witnessed. I have put so many in their last homes that I no longer look upon death with the old fear. I agree with the man who said: 'Tired of the heat and glamour of the day, we hear with joy the rustling garments of the night.' I look upon every new face that comes into my quiet sleeping apartments over there as one more lucky traveler who has reached at last his journey's end."

SOME STRANGE IDEAS.

"Do you ever have favorites among those whom you did not know during life?"

"Very often, indeed. I have had people come here and I felt from the first glance that I would love them for their winning ways."

"Look here! What do you mean by speaking of the winning ways of the dead?"

"Well, sir, I like modest people with frank countenances, whether in life or death. Some corpses have mean countenances. I would have declined an introduction in life, and so I do not cultivate their society in death. Some seem to stare at me, while others look like sneaks. A dead man's face is a good photograph of what he was in life, and it has the advantage that no trick of an assumed expression can deceive the eye of the observer.

"There are lovely men and women who come here, and when they leave us we miss them and we feel lonely. It gives me great pleasure to pin a little bouquet upon their garments, or to adjust their heads upon their pillows. They often need these little attentions, and they seem pleased when we are kind to them. Of course, they never speak, but there is golden eloquence in their silence. Different positions of their quiet faces give a language to them, and a slight change in attitude makes the contour and whole effect different.

"Let me tell you about a young woman who used to assist me where I formerly lived. She made handsome bouquets and garlands during her leisure, and she also kept the entry books.

"Well, sir, that girl had much good philosophy on the subject of death. She liked to read about the old Greeks who dressed their dead in white, sang odes to immortality, and placed floral decorations on their tombs.

"I often noticed that she spent many idle hours among the coffins after the bodies were prepared and properly clothed. I of course thought that she was simply studying the business and trying to learn how to make what we call artistic settings, for she was always in love with the business.

"One day her affianced—for she was engaged to a young lawyer—came in to chat with her a few moments. He was a bright young fellow, and they were to be married in the fall. He had been coaxing her to leave the business, but she would not do it. Well, this was a delightful June day, and as he left she pinned a neat little bouquet upon the lapel of his coat. Not noticing my presence he lightly kissed her on the brow, and departed. This did not seem to trouble her, although I noticed that she blushed as her sweetheart departed. I do not know whether that kiss offended her, but I do know that she seemed troubled for several days, and after Lawyer Ralfe left her next Friday I noticed that her eyes were moist. I believed they had gone through a little lovers' quarrel, and I thought no more about it. At least I did not have the slightest suspicion of the wonderful alienation of her affections that was taking place in her mind.

"The next day the body of one of the handsomest young men I ever saw was brought into our parlors. He was unknown, but from papers found among his effects it was ascertained that his family lived in London, England. He had been out hunting, and, getting separated from his companions, the gun was discharged, the charge entering his thigh. He soon bled to death. Of course you know that he would be very pale.

"Two efficient aids in the establishment helped me to prepare the corpse for the coffin. We dressed him nicely, combed his beautiful hair, arranged his very handsome mustache, gave his cheeks a few touches of color with the blender, and left instructions for our young lady assistant to have a floral tribute made for the Elks, who were to manage the funeral. I then went home to dinner, and I was gone several hours. When I returned the girl was working over the face. She made a handsome wreath and placed it over his brow. Then she fairly raved about his beauty. When I came back in fifteen minutes she was still there, and she seemed to be talking to him. I heard her ask him if he still loved her. It was with delay that she heeded my request to come away and attend to some other work. The next day it was the same, and when I stopped by the corpse a moment she said she could marry a fellow that handsome. She seemed to blush and laugh a little, but I thought nothing of it. Toward evening the Elks and their band came after the corpse. Will you believe me when I tell you my pretty girl kissed that cold face and burst into hysterics so that we could not calm her when it was removed? That was twenty-five years ago, and she was then about 18 years old."

"And where is she now?" asked the reporter.

"I saw her when I was home two years ago. She looked well and hearty, and she was really handsome, although her hair was a little gray. She told me she had been married many years, and then she talked and laughed with her husband, but he made no reply, for he had been buried by the Elks many years before. You don't understand! Listen!

"When I left her gentle attendants led her away from the gaslit parlor into that part of the great insane asylum where for a quarter of a century she has lived and loved that young Englishman, whose body has rested beneath the mossy marble since we buried him there away back in the sixties. As I strolled away I could hear her voice echoing through the great corridors, for she was laughing and talking with her husband, the bodiless creation of ecstasy. Her eye was bent on vacancy, yet she was happy."—San Francisco Examiner.

Queen Victoria is the richest woman in the British kingdom. She has accumulated a fortune of $20,000,000.

Tea Will Intoxicate.

A new source of intoxication has been discovered. It is simply dry tea, eaten, of course, before it is steeped. It produces an agreeable effect at first, but indulgence finally causes sleeplessness, disorderly impulses and delirium. Not a few persons have already been found to have contracted this deadly form of the tea habit.—Good Housekeeping.

Abbreviations.

Your man of business, as he goes flitting about the country in the formation of his deep designs, has very little time to waste, as a rule, and of that little he throws the minimum amount into the hotel registers. The real wide awake traveler generally abbreviates the name of the place he hails from when it is susceptible of abbreviation, and some of those attempts at conciseness are quite as startling as they are successful. The man from La Crosse spells out the name of his town in three letters, thus: La X—and I am told that down in La Crosse that short handed characterization is universal. Kansas City people frequently register from K. Cy, which abbreviation the more busy among them still further curtail to the two initials K.C. Pgh is a common combination for Pittsburgh. Chicagoans employ the four letters Chgo, when they do not use the other four, Chic.

Breezy people from Milwaukee consider the syllable Mil. sufficiently expressive to locate them, while gentlemen from far away Providence dip pen in ink to write the syllable Prov., and Lexington, Ky., people put themselves down also in one syllable as from Lex. Your Sioux Falls man, when he is in a hurry, spoils the first word in his town's name phonetically, Su or Soo, while the Sioux City man also contracts his last word to Cy. Travelers from New Orleans are as concise as the Kansas citizens, and simply jot down the initials N. O. San Francisco is put down on the register as San Fran., or Frisco; St. Louis is contracted down to St. L.; Minneapolis is squeezed down to Mpls., or Minn., and Indianapolis goes on record as Indpls. There are a lot of other abbreviations of proper names found on the hotel registers that are not given in the back end of a geography, or eke a big dictionary, and if a person is anxious to learn short hand in a few easy lessons, a good place for him to begin his studies is at a hotel counter with the register for a text book.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Great Duke.

The Duke of Wellington received a letter, when sitting in the house of lords, from the eminent landscape designer and great authority on botanical matters, J. C. Loudon. The duke had lost sight of him for some years. It was a note to this effect: "My Lord Duke: It would gratify me extremely if you would permit me to visit Strathfieldsaye, at any time convenient to your grace, and to inspect the 'Waterloo beeches.' Your grace's faithful servant, J. C. Loudon." The Waterloo beeches were trees that had been planted immediately after the battle of Waterloo as a memorial of the great fight. The duke read the letter twice, the writing of which was not very clear; and, with his usual promptness and politeness, replied as follows, having read the signature as "C. J. London," instead of "J. C. Loudon":

My Dear Bishop of London: It will always give me great pleasure to see you at Strathfieldsaye. Pray come there whenever it suits your convenience, whether I am at home or not. My servant will receive orders to show you no many pairs of breeches of mine as you wish; but why you should wish to inspect those that I wore at the battle of Waterloo is quite beyond the comprehension of yours most truly, WELLINGTON.

Although the duke was by no means a woman hater, he was the very reverse of a coxcomb, if we may believe the following very strange and rather pathetic story:

A lady said to the duke: "I suppose, duke, during your life you have inspired a great deal of admiration and enthusiasm among women, both abroad and at home." The duke at once replied: "Oh, yes, plenty of that! plenty of that! but no woman ever loved me; never in my whole life."—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Poorer Classes in Persia.

Touching the houses of the people and their household properties, I once spent a night in the house of a trooper of the shah. His pay was £10 a year, with rations when on duty. He gave me an excellent dinner in an upper chamber, which was carpeted, and in the niches of the false windows of which rose leaves were piled up for fragrance. I do not mean that the carpet was other than the cheapest, or that the atmosphere was all of rose leaves, but an English groom gets £12 a year, more or less, and I doubt if he indulges in carpets and flowers. A few cooking utensils, a brass tray or two, skins in which curds are made and kept, a loom, a sheet of leather which serves for the floor (table) cloth—these are the articles that furnish the ordinary dwelling. If the householder be a very poor man he will eat his meat off big flaps of unleavened bread, and will eat, too, that which serves him for a table cloth and is also the bread which we find on our table cloths. You break off a bit of bread and dip your hand in the dish wherein are curds at any rate, and possibly on feast days kid or fowl.—Nineteenth Century.

Belgium's Hatless Monarch.

Leopold, king of the Belgians, is a sworn foe of tobacco and an ardent supporter of the Belgian Anti-tobacco league. He is, as well, a man of "simple and severe way of life." He rises early, breakfasts sparingly, and—a rare thing on the continent—takes his morning tub with all an Englishman's fervor. His wide sympathies embrace vegetarianism in their scope, and his most notable passion perhaps, is for going about without a hat. Whenever the weather is suitable, King Leopold goes abroad in his garden as hatless as Adam, exulting in his freedom from the conventionality of a headpiece. He has some strange craze about the wind's action on the brain, and he puts his craze in practice whenever possible. In fact, eccentricity of the intelligent kind marked him for her own. He is a linguist of rare acquisitions, and I always deep in the study of some new language or other. Music is one of his aversions but the sister art of painting finds in him an appreciative and enthusiastic amateur. His face is strong and intelligent, without being handsome, and a beard of appropriately regal length sweeps his chest.—London Court Journal.

Conflicting Opinions.

Now that Wellesley is the subject, another story or two, told by the college paper, may be in order. A student says she overheard this dialogue commencement day:

First Visitor—What a wonderfully beautiful place this is!

Second Visitor—Yes! But what a homely set of girls!

Another visitor evidently reached a different conclusion, for one of the students showed her about the college, but the lady, instead of paying attention to what was said, gazed at the student until the young woman asked if there was anything more she could do for her. "Yes," said the lady; "would you mind letting me know how it is you have remained single so long?"—Boston Transcript.

Relics of Ancient Times.

Mr. J. M. Caldwell, of Walton county, Ga., has a Bible printed eighty years before Columbus discovered America, yellowed with age; a large solid mahogany folding table and bedstead and set of silver teaspoons, all of which have been in his family over 150 years; a lamp 134 years old, with the chimney made with the burner and intended as a lard lamp; pair of andirons 150 years old, and a preserve jar about two centuries of age.—Chicago Tribune.

"Volunteer."

The amount of pressure required to make men willing suggests that Pat was not far out of the way.

"Pat," said his master, "what's all that noise in the street?"

Pat went out to learn, and soon returned, saying: "Oh, it's nothing, sir; they're only forcing a man to volunteer."—Youth's Companion.

A Speculator's Adventure.

Little Johnny Durlan, who lives at Riverside, N. J., yesterday owned a new straw hat, a dime and a penny worn by current use to silvery brightness. He tied the hat to a coat button, because a light breeze was ruffling the surface of the Passaic river, and went down to the Erie railroad to watch the trains passing. He had not wholly decided what use to make of the dime, but he knew very well how to put the cent where it would do the most good. He was acquainted with a boy who was willing to pay two cents for the coin if it was flattened under the wheels of a train of cars, and Johnny, who is only 9 years of age, but has the financiering spirit of Jay Gould, intended to invest his penny so as to realize cent per cent profit.

He reached a spot where there was a body to interfere with his speculation. An afternoon train, on its way to Jersey City, and not more than 200 yards distant, was running at high speed. Hastily selecting a coin, he placed it on the rail. The train was very close to the spot where he was standing when he discovered that he had made a blunder. The penny was still in his pocket, and the conclusion was unavoidable that the dime was in front of the locomotive.

Johnny rushed forward. It was an awfully dangerous thing to do, but he was not a boy to hesitate when ten cents were at stake. An incautious step prostrated him, and the wind from the whirling train tore his hat from its fastening, carried it under the wheels, and it was seen no more. His head could not have been more than twelve inches from the cars as they swept past. The dime was not found. It had either been ground out of recognition or it had stuck fast to one of the wheels.

"So you lost ten cents and your hat by your folly?" said a friend of the boy's father when he heard the story later in the day.

"Oh, no," replied Johnny, weeping. "I only lost nine cents and the hat. I flattened the penny under the next train and sold it for two cents."—New York Sun.

A Case of Death Following Suspension.

In the Lyon Medical, No. 20, we read of the following case of death following suspension, reported by Dr. Gorecki. The patient was a man, aged 40, who for five years previously had been suffering from tabes, and who, after reading of the excellent results obtained by suspension, bought an apparatus. The disease had taken a very rapid course in him, paraplegia being almost complete. He was suspended two or three times daily by his man servant. The first seven suspensions were followed by most marked improvement, and the patient was able to walk a few steps. After the eighth suspension he suddenly lost the power of speech and hearing, his sight, however, being unaltered and no paralysis existing. Although active treatment was immediately resorted to, swallowing soon became impossible, sight was lost, and general paralysis quickly set in. The symptoms became more and more aggravated, and in twenty-four hours the patient was dead, the immediate cause of death being asphyxia.—Medical News.

Luleå's Great El

The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

☞No subscription continued after expiration of time paid for.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1889.

Like other American tourists, the mosquito has gone from our shores to Europe this summer. He was not known there until within recent years.

If Governor Lowrey, of Mississippi, keeps on pursuing the Sullivan-Kilrain prize fighting people a few months longer, somebody will be hurt yet.

South Dakota has already proved her fitness to be a state. She is in debt $700,000, which is $200,000 in excess of the amount allowed by her constitution.

The wedding of his eldest daughter revealed to many in this country the fact that the Prince of Wales has a chaplain all to himself. That must be the reason Wales is so good.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-nine will be known for generations in this country as the rain year. Through flood and rain and cloud burst, through destruction, death and suffering, the months move on, and none can predict when the terror will stop.

The Mormons are said to be using every device of craft and statesmanship to obtain possession of Idaho. They will settle it as unsuspected bigamists, get it admitted to the Union and pass of course a non-polygamous constitution. Afterwards, having possession of the state, they can elect such legislatures and enact such laws as they please.

Ever since the Princess Louise-Fife wedding the papers have been telling the story that the new duke is not descended from the ancient thanes of Fife at all, but that the founder of his family was old "Creelie Duff," who got a competency in the egg business. Well, what of it? Wasn't that nobility in embryo? Creelie Duff was merely hatching plans for the eggsalted position his posterity was to occupy in future. Some people are very hard to please.

An English Pope.

The last British Contemporary Review contains rather a startling article on the future of the papacy. It substantially prophesies the removal of the head of the Roman Catholic church to London. The world is now becoming English speaking, says the writer. The church, to be up with the times, must rid itself of Italian traditions and intrigue. Then, purified and modernized, with a pope who is an Englishman, Holy Church may reconquer the world. The author of the paper, which is printed anonymously, looks to America or Great Britain to rehabilitate the temporal power or the church must decline. Cardinal Gibbons is hinted at as the next pope. With some square miles of soil for its own, it is claimed that the papacy will have room for its secretaries, messengers and guards.

1876—1892.

With an eye to a world's fair in 1892, The American Economist has prepared some figures on the growth of the United States since the other fair in 1876 that will make the most sanguine Americans open their eyes.

We thought the exposition of 1876 was something worth while. But with the added wealth, population and experience that have come to us since then we can well make the exhibition of 1892 as great as The Economist predicts it will be. That paper says:

It is evident that with the effort which made the centennial exposition of 1876 a great success the proposed exposition of 1892 could easily be made in its extent, in the variety and novelty of its exhibits, in its usefulness for public education, in its stimulating influence upon industrial enterprise and for the promotion of international trade, an undertaking of unparalleled importance to the people of the United States and of unrivaled interest and attractiveness to foreign nations; an undertaking surpassing in grandeur and beneficent influences any other which the world has seen.

In the table below are the figures and per cent. of the national growth since 1876:

	1876.	1888.
Population	44,000,000	60,000000
Est'd value of prop'y	$25,000,000,000	$55,000,000,000
Sav. bank deposits	$900,000,000	$1,400,000,000
Gold, silver and paper currency	$600,000,000	$1,700,000,000
Gold coin	$130,000,000	$705,000,000
Silver coin	$35,000,000	$396,000,000
Mfg'ing, min'g, etc.	$4,400,000,000	$7,000,000,000
Foreign com. (imports and exp'ts)	$1,000,000,000	$1,500,000,000
Number postoffices	36,000	57,000
Miles railroad	77,000	157,000
RR. freight earnings	$260,000,000	$640,000,000
RR. pas'gr earnings	$186,000,000	$340,000,000
Average freight per ton per mile	1 40 cents	0 99 cents
W. U. tele'gh lines	73,000 miles	171,000 miles
Newspapers and periodicals	9,000	14,000
Pounds wool used	239,000,000	575,000,000
Bales cotton prod'd	4,500,000	7,000,000
Tons pig iron prod'd	2,000,000	7,000,000
Tons steel rails produced	750,000	2,250,000
Barrels petroleum produced	8,000,000	25,000,000
Tons sugar used	750,000	1,500,000
Tons coal mined	50,000,000	110,000,000
Patents applied for	31,000	26,000
Bushels wheat raised	289,000 000	456,000,000
Bushels corn raised	1,800,000,000	2,000,000,000
Bushels oats raised	280,000,000	700,000,000
Value farm animals	$1,650,000,000	$2,500,000,000

In 1876 the population of Philadelphia was 800,000. In 1892 the estimated population of New York city, including its suburbs, is 2,900,000. Philadelphia and Pennsylvania contributed $1,500,000 towards the exposition of 1876. Private subscription added $2,905,330 more. New York city and state contributing at the same rate in proportion to increased population, and adding the private subscriptions, would produce the sum of $7,780,000. The total home resources of Philadelphia in 1876 for the fair, exclusive of rents, were $4,205,330. The total home resources of New York in 1892, exclusive of rents, The Economist estimates will be $9,230,000.

If that is not enough to set going the most magnificent world's fair civilization has ever beheld, one would like to know the reason why.

Gen. Boulanger has taken pains to deny the report that he has killed himself, or that he is going to do so. Boulanger has no need to commit suicide. The late elections in France prove that he is dead already—deader than a door nail. Vive la republique!

In Sir John Herschel's time a Mr. Stoddard once wrote a letter saying that he had been able to witness the phases of the planet Venus by simply looking at the star through a piece of darkened glass. It appeared as a beautiful, shining crescent. The suggestion is worth trying. Venus passes regularly through phases like the moon

New terrors have been added to evil doing in Massachusetts. For meat, it is said the penitentiary convicts get "chuck" steaks "tainted to the depth of an inch or two," from which this outside is cut off. For coffee, their regular drink is made from roasted peas, with a little chickery thrown in This diet, one would think, would have a tendency to make almost anybody reform.

It may be interesting to know how much it takes to feed a champion prize fighter. Here is the record for two of John L. Sullivan's meals in one day: For breakfast, a good sized broiled bass, five soft boiled eggs, half a loaf of graham bread, half a dozen sliced tomatoes and a cup of tea. At 1 o'clock the champion came up smilingly for his usual dinner of "three chickens, with rice and chicken broth and half a loaf of bread."

It probably occurs to most people several times in the course of their lives that they would like to commit suicide. Some do it, though most don't. But the man who will take himself out of life by drowning himself in a water works reservoir whence his fellow citizens draw their supply ought to parch with thirst for ten million years in the lowest and hottest of the seven sheols discovered by Swedenborg. It is about the most utterly depraved act a human being can be guilty of.

Contending Missionaries.

If I was a cassowary,
In the land of Timbuctoo;
I'd eat up a missionary,
Bible and hymn book too.

This is the amiable sentiment that at present seems to be actuating a good many of the Chinese and Japanese toward Protestant missionaries. In China, for instance, there are forty different Protestant sects. Their native followers range all the way in number from 1,200 to 10,000. The teachers and leaders of the various Protestant sects are no more in harmony in China than they are elsewhere. Consequently the heathen Chinee is so confused in his mind between immersion and sprinkling, between foreordination and free will, that he really is in danger of losing the Christian road to heaven altogether. Things are not much better in Japan, where there are now 28,000 Protestant Christians. Because of its unity, the Roman Catholic church can make more headway than Protestants with pagan peoples.

Learn to Swim.

Now is the time. Every summer many lives are saved from a knowledge of the art, many lives are lost from lack of the knowledge. Swimming is natural to man, only somehow he cannot always recover the art which has been lost in course of ages of wearing clothes and living away from water.

Nobody is too old to learn to swim, hardly anybody is too young. Indian squaws tie a band around their children's waists when the papoose is no more than 2 years old and hold them in the water till they catch the frog like motion of the legs and arms. Health and comfort are in the swimming bath. Such an exhilaration as there is, too, in water, either salt or fresh—a feeling as though one was done with the rough jolting and friction of life, and was floating through a paradisical ether. By all means learn to swim. It is a part of everybody's education, boy or girl, man or woman.

Some Vital Statistics.

Dr. Newsholme has published in London a book that almost makes one wonder whether the present race of civilized white men have not already passed their climax and are on the down hill road. At least that is one way of looking at the figures in his "Elements of Vital Statistics."

The doctor has carefully consulted the registers of births, deaths and marriages in Europe, where these events have been carefully recorded for many years. He finds that the birth rate throughout Europe is steadily declining. In seven years, even in Great Britain, it has gone down three to the thousand. Malthus declared the principle that the birth rate increased in times of plenty and decreased during periods of scarcity; but there has been no famine in Europe recently. Some other principle, unknown to Malthus, must therefore have come in to work the change.

The marriage rate declines also. The tendency is to fewer marriages, and those contracted at a more mature age. Italy has the highest number of children to the family in Europe, the rate being 5.15. France has the lowest, 3.42, while Great Britain is between, with 4.42 children to the family.

It is unfortunate that vital statistics have not been kept in the United States, so that it could be ascertained whether with us, too, the marriage and birth rates are dropping steadily. Some compensation for this in Europe is afforded, however, in the fact that with the death rate, too, the tendency is downward, owing to better sanitary regulations in cities. If the people that are on the earth live longer and have better health, they can keep up the average of the population in that way. But these facts are certainly significant.

Newfoundland does not belong to the confederation of Canada. When that was formed in 1867, Newfoundland refused to be included, and is therefore an independent state. Its sympathies and good will are more with the United States than with Canada. In case annexation were seriously proposed, it would probably be the first state to come to us.

A German landscape artist named Ludwig, at Rome, has discovered a method of utilizing petroleum in mixing his paints. By this method the colors are far more brilliant and lasting than when mixed in the ordinary way.

In the newest and best of the great apartment houses in cities the first requirement is thorough lighting. A fifth of the ground space is given up to this object, and the loss is made good by piling the stories on top.

Jawing in Jersey

New Jersey is probably the only state in the Union in which, since pilgrim father days, a woman has been tried and punished as a "common scold." Mrs. Mary Brady, of Jersey City, recently had a taste of "Jersey justice" in this fashion.

It seems that under the laws a man cannot be a scold. A scold is defined to be a troublesome and angry woman who disturbs the public peace and is a nuisance. The original punishment was by means of the pleasing old English custom of the ducking stool. When she found that out Mrs. Brady was a terrified woman. But it was at length decided that this would be rather tough, even for New Jersey, and the modern and thoroughly unpoetical device of a fine was resorted to.

The trial was one of intense interest to Mrs. Brady's neighbors. It was an immortal occasion and the prosecuting attorney made use of it. He soared into the blue empyrean:

A common scold, quoth he, is a woman who goes jawing around the neighborhood disturbing the peace of her neighbors. Women don't talk so much now as they used to. In the olden times they talked so much that the courts could not stand it They were indicted, and, when convicted, ducked in a pond to cool them and drive away the heat from their tongues. But I am sorry to say that the law today does not recognize the ducking stool as a mode of punishment.

From which it will be seen that the learned Mr. Prosecutor Winfield himself was no slouch at "jawing."

The truth of history compels the recording of the fact that Mrs. Brady had red hair. Her chief offense seemed to be that she called her neighbor—a highly respectable lady of the name of Mrs. Winifred Doody—"a gray haired old hag." Once Brady amused the neighborhood by repeating this and other epithets in a loud voice during a whole afternoon. Another time Mrs. Doody's husband timed Brady during one of her prize scolds, beginning at 8 in the evening and ceasing the watch at 1:30 in the morning, leaving Mrs. Brady still at it.

Few had a good word for the accused, but one of these was her own husband, an inoffensive little man, weighing nearly a hundred pounds less than his wife, who was fat. The husband said he had lived with his wife twenty-nine years, and by that time he thought he ought to know her, and she was not a scold at all. Being questioned, he admitted that she might "jaw" him a little for staying out late at night, but he thought she had a right to do that. Mr. Brady was a remarkably well regulated husband. His evidence ought to have spoken volumes in her favor, but it did not.

The jury decided in four minutes that she was a common scold. In sentencing her the judge, as the prosecutor had done, adorned the occasion with a display of eloquence.

"Stand up," said he. Then he continued:

Mary Brady, from indications that were observed during your trial it was apparent that you had talked too much, and it would have been a good thing if several of your neighbors had been included in the indictment. Scolds are plentiful, but that does not excuse you. People, especially men, have a horror of scolding women, and in future you had better keep a civil tongue in your head and be sure you mind your own business.

The auburn haired woman was fined $25 and costs. After all, however, $25 is not a very dear price to pay for the privilege of speaking one's mind. It is worth it, every cent.

Japan has been for a generation the favorite field for Christian missionary operations. Yet it now presents the strange spectacle of an American, Henry S. Olcott, traveling through its length and breadth, preaching to the people that their salvation and their hope is in holding fast to Buddhism. He tells them their own religion, purified and reformed, is best for them. Strangely enough, Mr. Olcott is creating excitement and wild enthusiasm. His audiences number sometimes 4,000 persons. He speaks his sermons in English, and they are translated by an interpreter, sentence by sentence, to the Japanese.

New York citizens responded to the call of the mayor for a conference on the subject of the world's fair in 1892 in a way that makes it certain the fair will be held. With such men as the Astors, Vanderbilts, P. T. Barnum and other many millionaired men as backers of the enterprise, the money to make it a success will all be readily raised in New York city. New York does not go much on monument building, perhaps, but to an enterprise in which real live people, and millions of them, are interested, her purse strings will always open to an unlimited extent.

Lieut. Schwatka claims to have found in Mexico, in southern Chihuahua, a race of cliff dwellers who inhabit cave homes, precisely like the deserted ruins found in Arizona and New Mexico. These cliff dwellers are unlike either the Indian or the negro. They are sun worshipers. On the day of birth their children are exposed to the full rays of the sun. Schwatka says there are still several thousands of this strange, prehistoric people, and that they are armed only with stone hatchets and bows and arrows

Immediately after Dr. McDow was acquitted for killing Capt. Dawson his punishment began. Old friends and neighbors turned their faces the other way when he passed, and clergymen in southern pulpits preached sermons denouncing him. Finally even his medical brethren refused longer to countenance him, and he was expelled from the South Carolina State Medical society. Life under such circumstances is not all a boon.

New York state is to have a force of naval reserves. It is to be a state organization of marines, drilled in naval warfare. Companies consist of eighty-four men.

Owing to the great exposition, money is flowing into the Bank of France at the rate of $4,000,000 a week. Let us have an exposition in America in 1892. sure.

One question, at least, will be definitely settled by next year's census. It is whether the blacks are gaining on the whites in population in the south, or vice versa.

The new smokeless powder was invented by Capt. Noble, an Englishman, formerly of the British army, a man who is both a chemist and an artillerist.

Russia is making good use of her vast abundance of naphtha. Last year 880,000 tons of it were used as fuel.

There is a powerful movement throughout the state of New York in favor of abolishing taxes on personal property and fixing them on real estate alone. A committee of the legislature and the state assessor have reported in favor of the movement. A strong reason in its favor is the impossibility of assessing and collecting taxes on personal property.

It only remains now for the American phonograph to whistle into the stony ears of the sphinx of Egypt. It traveled as far as Rome. King Humbert talked into it, and sent the thing on to convey his love in his own voice to Queen Margherita at Venice. It speaks of a new race and a new civilization in the ancient city of the doges. There is something passing strange in the thought of the phonograph at Rome and Venice.

One of the most interesting objects at the Paris exposition is an immense globe, representing the earth. It is a millionth part the size of the real earth, being not quite forty-two feet in diameter. Every known part of the earth's surface is laid down upon it with the greatest care. It is necessary to go up in an elevator to inspect the upper part. It is said to be the most complete representation of the earth's surface ever made.

In view of the rapidly multiplying posterity of Queen Victoria, The London Spectator is moved to ask for a law which shall define within what limits of kinship persons of the blood royal shall receive their living from the British government. It is quite favorable to a permanent outlay which shall "preserve the decent grandeur of the English throne." But in the next fifty years, with present prospects of increase, there may be a hundred princes and princesses, aunts and cousins and grandchildren, and The Spectator would just like to know where the line is going to be drawn on them.

War on the Mosquito.

Dr. Robert H. Lamborn observed in camp in Minnesota that the dragon fly devoured mosquitoes voraciously. He also saw on one occasion a dragon fly that had eaten thirty house flies and was still hungry. Dr. Lamborn argues from this that if dragon flies could be bred and domesticated in sufficient numbers they would exterminate the pests named. It has been proved that both flies and mosquitoes breed disease and convey infections.

To emphasize his convictions on the subject Dr. Lamborn offers $200 to be paid in three prizes for the three best essays on the destruction of mosquitoes and flies by other insects. The essays are to deal with the dragon fly among the other insects, and are to make plain from actual experments what is the most suitable species of dragon fly for this purpose, and what is the best method of propagating it artificially.

The essays are to be finished and sent by Dec. 1, 1889, to Mr. J. H. Winser, American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, New York.

The Last of the Old Novelists.

Wilkie Collins has written so little recently that he has scarcely made a ripple on the great sea of fiction. Though by no means forgotten, he has been practically buried for several years.

But he finishes a chapter in the history of English fiction. It is quite likely, nay, one might say it is sure, a century will pass before there are as many great English writing novelists as were contemporary with the author of "The Woman in White." Will this generation, or the next, see such a bouquet of names as Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins?

The most popular English writer of fiction at present is Ouida, whether one admires the taste of her devotees or not. She writes better stories than she gets credit for, however. Ouida, Miss Braddon and Mrs. Oliphant are undoubtedly more widely read than any other novelists at present. But these leave no distinctive mark Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins mark the period of English fiction which deals especially with the scenes and lives of middle class English life They smack of republicanism more or less, and liberty and equality

After them came in a new school, that dealing with the element of the weird and supernatural. Modern spiritualism began to influence fiction. Wilkie Collins may indeed be almost said to be the forerunner of this class, since his stories are often tinged with the weird and the marvelous Still he belongs distinctively to the group named. After him came the Hugh Conway and Rider Haggard novelists in England

In America William Dean Howells and Constance Fenimore Woolson hold a respectable, thoroughly well earned place as novelists, without distinctive flavor, however. But there is a class of young American novelists who have flavor enough to saturate the whole western continent and Europe. That is the fleshly school. Where they will end it will be interesting to see.

Meantime brave old Wilkie Collins has hardly had the standing in literature that he deserved. Some of his stories are exquisite specimens of good English writing as well as of plot building. "The Moonstone" is his best work. The splendid scene at the close, when the four Brahmins part, has rarely been equaled by any novelist. It is one to remain in the memory.

In the beginning of 1886 there were 87,000 members of the Knights of Labor. At the end of that year there were 700,000. Then the report went about that this order was going to pieces. As a matter of fact, it now shows up with a healthy membership of 300,000. A lodge of the Knights has been founded in France.

Dr. Talmage tells us that during the afternoon of the Johnstown disaster somebody heard an infidel pray as follows: "O God, if you can give me any aid at this time I shall be very much obliged to you."

Representative Catchings, of Mississippi, says: "There is going to be music in the air while the Fifty-first congress is in session." Well, that will be nothing new

It is now easier than ever to get a divorce in Chicago. Applicants need not even be residents of Illinois.

"Page's Climax Salve is now sold at the rate of millions of boxes yearly—no medicine has ever earned so large a sale, solely upon its merits. For sale by Druggists everywhere

"NOBODY KNOWS what I suffered for years with those terrible racking sick headaches. Life was only a torment to me; if you are so troubled, I would advise you to use Sulphur Bitters, for they cured me.—Clara Belle.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent Medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle Free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large Bottles are 50 cts and $1 00. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption

Miscellaneous

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the marvellous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the fact that this medicine actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Its real merit has won **Merit Wins** for Hood's Sarsaparilla a popularity and sale greater than that of any other blood purifier. It cures Scrofula, all Humors, Dyspepsia, etc. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Bucks County.

MARTHA BUFTON, by her next friend, Theo. W. Sterling, vs. THOS BUFTON. | No 2 Sept Term. 1889. Pluries sub sur Divorce

To Thomas Bufton, the above-named Respondent—You are hereby notified to appear at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Doylestown, in and for the County of Bucks, on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER NINTH, A. D., 1889, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of said day, and answer the complaint of the above-named Libellant and show cause, if any you have, why the said Court should not make a decree divorcing you from your wife, the said Martha Bufton, as prayed for. You are further notified that you are liable to have said decree of divorce made against you if you fail to appear.

JOSEPH R. COMLY, Sheriff of Bucks Co.

B. F. GILKESON, Atty. for Libellant.

BOARDERS WANTED.

A FEW BOARDERS WANTED BY A PRIvate family, on Washington street. Also, a room for gentleman and wife. Terms reasonable Inquire at GAZETTE OFFICE.

No 717.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

At Bristol, in the State of Penna., at the close of business, July 12th, 1889.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$420,736 43
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	40,000 00
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages	19,541 93
Due from approved reserve agents	62 940 64
Due from other National Banks	1,531 95
Real estate, furniture, and fixtures	9,500 00
Current expenses and taxes paid	1,264 18
Checks and other cash items	688 86
Bills of other Banks	1,464 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and pennies	1 37
Specie	14,245 70
Legal tender notes	16,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)	1,800 00
TOTAL	$649,504 29

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 92,220 00
Surplus fund	95,000 00
Undivided profits	12,742 85
National Bank notes outstanding	22,700 00
Dividends unpaid	454 80
Individual deposits subject to check	374,118 02
Due to other National Banks	50,867 05
Due to State Banks and bankers	1,401 57
TOTAL	$649,504 29

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss

I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 19th day of July, 1889.

W. H. H. FINE, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:

L. A. HOGUET, JOHN BURTON, PIERSON MITCHELL, } Directors.

Executor's Sale of Real Estate.

PURSUANT TO THE LAST WILL AND testament of John Wright, deceased, will be sold on SATURDAY, the THIRD DAY OF AUGUST, 1889, at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, the following house and lot in which he resided, situated on the N. E. side of Bath street, in the Borough of Bristol.

The lot is 25 feet in front by 146 feet in depth, and is bounded by lands of Mary Closson, Rebecca Butler, etc.

The improvements are a good 2 story brick house, 23x40 feet, a 2-story brick building back, 15 feet square, with cellar underneath; frame shed in the rear 15x8 feet, in which is a water hydrant. Having 8 large rooms besides attic and shed. Fruit trees in yard.

The property is in a central part of the town, well built, commodious and in good order, and valuable both as a residence and place of business

JAMES WRIGHT, ANTHONY SWAIN, Executors.

WM. KINSEY, Auct.

TO ADVERTISERS.

A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.

To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York.

LEM WONG, Chinese Laundry, No. 50 Mill St., Bristol.

☞Clothes of every description done up in first-class manner. Look at some of the prices.

Shirts, ironed,	10c	Shirts, new,	12c.
Collars,	2 for 5c	Cuffs per pair,	5c
Undershirts,	7c	Underclothes,	7c
Woolen shirts,	7c	Baby caps,	35c

White dress, 75c to $1.25

Socks per pair,	3c	Handkerchiefs,	3c
Boys' jackets,	12c	Neckties,	2c

and other things equally cheap.

Work taken on every day of the week and returned the third or fourth day thereafter.

Goods not called for in 60 days will be sold. No articles delivered until paid for.

GIVD ME A TRIAL.

J. T. DUNCAN and MRS. DUNCAN,

Take this method to inform their former patrons that they have returned to

Bristol and Located at 48 Mill St.

Next door to Adam's Express office, in the store lately vacated by Grumbacher, where they intend to supply the inhabitants of Bristol and vicinity with a good line of

DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS, HOSIERY,

At Lowest Cash Prices.

N. B.—Store will open Saturday, April 20th.

This MOLAR TOOTH with the Wisdom tooth embedded in its roots, was extracted by the subscriber July 9th, 1888, without pain, under the influence of Laughing Gas.

Everything pertaining to Dentistry promptly attended to, at moderate rates—C. O. D.

ESTATES SETTLED.

G. W. ADAMS, Dentist, No. 3, Mulberry Street, Bristol, Pa. Out of Office on Second-day, (Monday)

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, Aug 5, 1889

If your buying thought is Dress Goods, write to us stating the kind of fabric you have in mind, or the purpose for which you desire to use it, with the price you wish to pay, and we will promptly place in your hands samples of the best we can supply at the price. That should mean the best anywhere, for the Wanamaker stock of Dress Goods is the largest and best selected we know of in the world. If you do not know the technical name of the goods, no matter: tell us how they look to your eyes, or how you suppose they look, and we will find them.

Just so of anything else; settle on what you want, as near as may be, and write for it.

Sporting things,
Fishing tackle,
Furnishing goods,
Toilet articles,
Millinery fixings,
Books of every sort,

and the thousand other things for home use or wear or house decorating that we have a store full of.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles, or 57 per cent of the entire railroad mileage of Montana spans the Territory with its main line from east to west; is the only short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozeman, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory.

The Northern Pacific owns and operates 621 miles, or 56 per cent of the railroad mileage of Washington, its main line extending from the Idaho line via Spokane Falls, Cheney, Sprague, Yakima and Ellensburg, through the center of the Territory to Tacoma and Seattle, and from Tacoma to Portland. No other trans-continental through rail line reaches any portion of Washington Territory. Ten days stop over privileges are given on Northern Pacific second class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, thus affording intending settlers an excellent opportunity to see the entire Territory without incurring the expense of paying local fares from point to point.

The Northern Pacific is the shortest route from St. Paul to Tacoma by 207 miles; to Seattle by 177 miles, and to Portland by 424 miles—time correspondingly shorter, varying from one to two days, according to destination. No other line from St. Paul or Minneapolis runs through passenger cars of any kind into Idaho, Oregon or Washington.

In addition to being the only rail line to Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, the Northern Pacific reaches all the principal points in Northern Minnesota and Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Bear in mind that the Northern Pacific and Shasta line is the famous scenic route to all points in California.

Send for illustrated pamphlets, maps and books giving you valuable information in reference to the country traversed by this great line from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland to Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington Territory, and enclose stamps for new 1889 Rand McNally County Map of Washington Territory, printed in colors.

Address your nearest ticket agent, or Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the spring and summer trade They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

Strictly Pure Spices, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Hard Rubber Trusses, $3 each, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. B. Mayer, 811 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Ease at once, no operation or business delay. Thousands cured. Send for circulars.

Wooden tooth-picks—2500 for 5 cents, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Window Glass of all sizes and at low prices, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Paints—ready mixed—$1 a gallon, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil—very palatable—75 cents a pint, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Paint Brushes of every size and price, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

—THEY COULD NOT AGREE.—War in the ranks of the Wall Paper Manufacturers has caused a drop in prices unprecedented. We get this information from the Fidelity Wall Paper Company, of No. 12 N. 11th St., Philadelphia, who have decided to give the advantage of this reduction. They are selling some very handsome gold papers at twelve and fifteen cents.

Genuine Ceylon Cinnamon is very much better than the ordinary, and sells for 25 cents a quarter pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Strictly Pure Cream Tartar, 50 cents a pound, 15 cents a quarter pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Hard Rubber Trusses of every size and numerous designs, at much lower than Philadelphia prices, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

"IS IT SAFE to neglect yourself if troubled with any disease of the kidneys? No, it is dangerous; and if you are so afflicted, attend to yourself now. Do not wait, but use Sulphur Bitters at once. They cured me when I was given up to die by several physicians. —Jonathan Ham, Boston.

Miscellaneous

TWO CHOICE SCHOOLS

Brooke Hall,
For Girls and Young Ladies.

Shortlidge Media Academy,
For Boys and Young Men.

SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A.M. (Harvard Graduate), MEDIA, PENNSYLVANIA (NEAR PHILADELPHIA).

DeWITT BROS.,

Pond Street.

Ornamental & Shade Trees

—OF—

EVERY DISCRIPTION,

—FOR THE—

LAWN & GARDEN.

Just the Time to Plant.

A dozen Best Varieties of GRAPE VINES, including all of the Best White, from 25 cents each up, will fruit next year.

Early Truck and Vegetables of Our Own Raising.

Pansies, Daisies, Violets, Forget-me-not's and Roses

BY THE 1,000.

Now is the time to plant them to secure good results. Thousands of plants in bloom.

For EASTER our stock is Larger, Better and Cheaper than ever. Two more new houses filled entirely with new stock. You are invited to examine our plants.

HERE YOU ARE!

☞Now Order Early and Get Fresh Vegetables for your Dinner. LOOK at the goodly array of Good Things received here:

NEW POTATOES, Floridas,
FLORIDA CABBAGE,
STRING BEANS,
TOMATOES,
PA. ASPARAGUS,

Best in the Market.

RHEUBARB, RADISHES,
LETTUCE, SPINACH,
ONIONS,

And Best of all, the Delicious and Toothsome BLACKBERRIES.

For sale now at the

Bloomsburg Grocery,

Wood and Dorrance Streets,

Bristol, Pa.

J. M. MACCORKLE, Manager.

SAMUEL SCOTT,

THE MILL STREET GROCERY!

71 MILL STREET,

WHERE WILL BE FOUND

Provisions, Fruits, Nuts, Etc:

OF ALL KINDS,

And as Cheap as will be found in Bristol.

James Warden,

DEALER IN

Groceries, Provisions, Fruits, &c.

Cor. PENN AND PONDS PS., BRISTOL, PA.

W. S. WILKINSON,

PAPERHANGER and PAINTER.

BRISTOL, Pa.

Address a postal card to P. O. Box 234, and your orders will receive prompt attention.

WM. M. LUKENS,

—DEALER IN—

Groceries and Provisions, Fruits and Canned Goods.

Prices will compare with other Stores.

COR. DORRANCE AND POND STREETS.

GEO. J. SHEPPARD'S

NEW MEAT MARKET,

86 Mill Street, Bristol,

Next to Comforts', where will be found the best BEEF, MUTTON, VEAL and POULTRY.

Garden Vegetables in season.

YOUR TRADE IS SOLICITED.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of CHARLES BANES, late of Bristol Borough, deceased

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

SAMUEL P. BANES, or B. F. & A. W. GILKESON Washington, D. C. & W. S. WRIGHT, Attys.

HOGUET'S

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

Pioneer Drug Store!

Nos. 13& 15 Mill (Main) Street, Bristol Pa.

The Oldest and Largest in Bucks County. (ESTABLISHED IN 1844.) By the present proprietor. A large stock of first class Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Toilet Articles Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Diamond Dyes, &c.

Also SPICES of all kinds, WARRANTED PURE, at low prices.

☞Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately Compounded.

L. A. HOGUET, Druggist and Pharmacist

YOUNG'S DRUG STORE,

55 Bath St., Bristol, Pa.

We have on hand a large & well selected stock of

Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,

Perfumery & Toilet Articles,

White Lead, Oils & Varnishes.

Agent for the sale of Pierce & Rawl's

Ready Mixed Paints.

These Paints are guaranteed to be the best in this market.

We give personal attention to the compounding of Physician's Prescriptions, at all hours, day or night, and guarantee PURITY and ACCURACY always.

ELEGANT PHOTOGRAPHS

CABINETS $2 PER DOZ.

Chandler & Scheetz,

828 ARCH ST.,
1433 CHESTNUT ST.,

Opposite Young Men's Christian Association Building

PHILADELPHIA.

T. W. & C. J. Patton,

Wholesale and retail dealer in

BEST BRANDS OF

Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, &c.

No. 6 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.,

We are in receipt of the following brands of cigars from our factory, 5th Ist district: "A. GARROW" guaranteed full Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper.

Specialties of P. LORRILARD & CO'S, WILSON & McCLELLAN'S, BUCHANAN & LYALL'S Plug and Cut Tobaccos

NORTH STAR.

And other brands of superior, Cut Tobaccos on hand in large quantities.

"THE ORIGINAL BRISTOL BOY." The leading straight 5 cent cigar in the market.

"THE CAPTAIN." The same price and equally good in quality.

"PERFECTIONS" Seed and Havana, Connecticut binder, and Sumatra wrapper.

Give the above brands a trial. Guaranteed to be as represented or no sale. Give them a trial and you will always buy.

Prices guaranteed to compete with any wholesale house in Philadelphia or New York. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Do Not Read This

Now is the Time to Buy Your

WINTER COAL

Lehigh Coal

Of the Best Quality, and all sizes.

C. W. PEIRCE,

Cor. Washington and Canal streets.

BRISTOL, PA.,

☞Near the Rolling Mill.

Burton's Stage Line

CONTINUES TO BE WELL PATRONIZED It meets all trains at the P. R. R. Station, and the 4 and 8 o'clock boat, and will carry passengers to all parts of the town. Orders left at the Telephone office, Depot, or at the Stables, on Wood street, near Mill, will receive attention.

JOSEPH BURTON.

☞Bristol Laundry,

34 MILL STREET,

BRISTOL, PA.

ALL WORK NEATLY AND ARTISTICALLY DONE.

SHIRTS, COLLARS AND CUFFS A S

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1889.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—There was no money for sale at the Bristol Building Association last Monday evening.

—Israel S. Tomlinson, formerly of Bristol, who recently obtained a position in the Philadelphia Custom House, has been removed.

—The Teachers Association of the Methodist church are arranging for an excursion to Ocean Grove on Wednesday the 21st inst.

—Mrs. Mary Closson bought at public sale last Saturday for $2250 the two story brick house on Bath street belonging to the estate of the late John Wright.

—The employees of the Bristol Carpet Mills will take their first annual excursion to Atlantic City, on Saturday, August 24th. They anticipate having a good time.

—Clifford P. McCalla, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Pennsylvania, is expected to be present at Bristol Lodge on Saturday evening next.

—The criminal business before Esquire Louderbough is looking up. Within the past week there were tried one case for assault and battery, four for drunkeness and disorderly, and one for desertion.

—There will be a union meeting at the Second Baptist church, at Mohican Hall, on Sunday Aug. 11, 1889. Service in the morning, afternoon and evening. A number of speakers are expected to be present. The public are invited.

—The Doylestown Democrat surprised its readers this week by coming out in a new and handsome dress. The Democrat is one of the very best newspapers of the dozen or so that are published in this county and it well deserves the financial success that it has received.

—There will soon be a change in the management of the Bristol post office. The President has removed James Drury and appointed William H. H. Fine in his stead. As soon as the necessary formalities incident to the change are effected Mr. Fine will take charge. He is an affable, courteous gentleman and will prove a popular officer.

—There was a special meeting of Council held on last Monday evening. After roll call, which revealed the absence of Messrs. Baker, Rue, Bailey, Riley and James Wright, the burgess announced that he had called the meeting for the purpose of having something done to make Pine street passable and a petition from residents and property holders for relief was presented and read. A motion to have Pine street graded did not meet with favor, owing to the lack of funds in the borough treasury. The Street Committee were authorized to make some temporary improvements on the street, leaving the famous problem of how to grade Pine street to suit everybody to be solved some time in the future.

PERSONAL.

Miss May Jarvis is at Honesdale, Pa.

Mrs. Isaac Ivins is at Wernersville, Pa.

Mrs. Charles Hulse is at Penns Grove, N.J.

Miss Hattie Sturdevant is at Spring Lake.

Miss Julia Slack is the guest of Miss Mary Swain at Spring Lake.

A. L. Packer, of Perth Amboy, spent a day in Bristol this week.

Miss May Tredick and Miss Hannah Shields are at Cape May.

H. C. Little, of Cape May, has been visiting his brother, William Little.

Mrs. John C. Stuckert is visiting her sister Mrs. Ellerslie Groom at Easton, Pa.

Hon. B. F. Gilkeson and E. W. Minster attended the State Convention yesterday.

Mrs. Dr. Wilson, of Dravosburg, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Hutchins.

Misses Sarah, Fanny and Ruth A. Peirce, of West Philadelphia, are the guests of Mrs Joshua Peirce.

THE STATE FENCIBLES.

The State Fencibles are highly pleased with the location of their camp, in Simon's field, opposite the Cemetery. It lies high and dry, and the superfluity of water, which has come down almost every day, soon finds its way through the porous soil and leaves the turf in good and comfortable condition.

The battalion consisting of 275 officers and men, arrived in Bristol on Saturday and marched out to the grounds and found everything had been put in readiness for them by the detail of men who came up on the Thursday previous. There were 108 tents pitched for their use. The rain descended the greater portion of the day and visitors to the camp were few.

Sunday was a delightful day and during the morning and afternoon a great many people were present. In addition to the many Bristolians gathered there several large train loads of people from Philadelphia helped to swell the crowd. It is estimated that at least 2000 persons witnessed the dress parade in the afternoon. Divine services were held at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, by Chaplain Hoyt. The battalion and visitors were arranged in a circle around Major Chew's headquarters. The Metropolitan band furnished the accompaniment to the singing of a selected choir from the battalion. "Rock of Ages," "Onward Christian Soldier," and "My Faith Looks up to Thee," were the hymns on this occasion. After the Scripture lesson, Chaplain Hoyt made a short and interesting sermon. At 5.30 the dress parade took place. White trousers were worn and blue coats and regulation caps. The manœuvres of the men were executed with a precision that excited the admiration of the spectators and won from them liberal praise as the various evolutions were made.

On Monday the Fencibles settled down to the discipline of a military camp. The rain in the early morning threatened to make a disagreeable day, but in the afternoon a battalion drill on the parade ground was witnessed by a number of spectators. The showers in the evening also prevented visitors to the camp, who were to be entertained by a concert by the Metropolitan band.

On Tuesday Company drill preceded the battalion skirmish drill, which was the feature of the day. The men acquitted themselves admirably and the spectators frequently gave vent to their appreciation of the excellency of the work by loud cheers. At 5.30 P. M. was the dress parade and review by Major Chew. In the afternoon a game of base ball was played between a nine from Company A. and one from Company D. The score was 14 to 20 in favor of Company D.

Yesterday the usual routine was again performed, the time of the men being fully occupied until 1 o'clock with company drill, battalion drill, and skirmish drill. In the afternoon many of the soldiers strolled through the town, taking a view of the principal streets and calling upon acquaintances.

Governor Beaver and staff will arrive in Bristol to-morrow at 3.30, and will proceed at once to the field and be received by Major Chew and staff.

NOTES.

Hospital steward Hall is a general favorite.

All the hospital staff are members of the Red Cross Society.

Capt. George Ray, of Co. B., is much admired by the ladies.

Captain Lrozer, of Co. D., is a very dignified military-looking man.

Nine to eleven a. m., drilling hours; five to seven p. m., dress parade and review.

Captain Schellenger, of Co. A., was very favorably impressed with his fair visitors. Call again.

On last Tuesday evening the battalion band serenaded all the army officers at their quarters.

It is announced that the battalion will favor the citizens of Bristol with a street parade this evening.

Paymaster Parker is at present the oldest living member; he has been an active member since 1855.

Ex-Mayor Smith and Mac Hersh, a prominent Philadelphia politician, were among the prominent visitors on Sunday.

Capt. Witherup, of Co. A., is a prominent Odd Fellow, and by invitation was present at Hopkins' Lodge, No. 87, last night.

Quartermaster Sargent White is a very affable and agreeable gentleman, and takes pleasure in showing visitors the beauty of camp life.

The battalion anticipate holding a lawn party on Thursday or Friday evening. Dancing and music will enliven the occasion. The elite are invited.

The big day of the week will be Friday, when Governor Beaver and staff, General Harutraft and staff, and Adj. Gen. Hastings will be present and review the battalion.

Surgeon Bloomer has been surgeon of the company for 21 years. He is an active, intelligent and hospitable fellow, and knows how to entertain his guests at his pleasant and comfortable quarters.

The annual "company dinner" to the company's officers, will take place to-day, when a big time is expected; they have four courses, with the usual et cetera, pie, deserts, ice cream, etc., manufactured by the boys in camp.

The cook thought he would have a little spook at the expense of a farmer who was passing and the following conversation ensued: Cook — "Say Countryman, how are crops?" "Countryman—"Just as green as you are," was his reply.

Rev. H. A. F. Hoyt, resident chaplain of the Episcopal Hospital, is an enthusiastic amateur photographer. On Tuesday evening he succeeded in getting some excellent negatives of some Bristol girls in Surgeon Bloomer's quarters while they were being entertained by the officers of the battalion.

Harry Smith who supplies the camp with milk, became so engrossed on Tuesday morning with the movements of the troops that he hitched his fiery steed to one of the poles of the mess tent. The horse became frightened, broke loose and tore down Company A's street, to the consternation of many who feared their supply of milk would be cut short. He was finally captured before any damage was done and order once more resumed her sway in Camp Ryan.

The Battalion of State Fencibles encamped below Bristol, is one of the oldest military organizations in the country—organized in 1812. Up to the present time they have had but five commanders, Majors Biddle, Kuehn, Page, Ryan and C. Wesley Chew. They stand No. 1 so far as discipline and superior military tactics are concerned, they having won the prize in a competition drill a few years ago, and it is now known as the crack military company of the country. General Upton, who is the author of "Upton's Tactics," and General Phil Sheridan, were members of the committee of judges. General Upton remarked, after seeing the State Fencibles go through their difficult and complicated evolutions, "that is the first time I ever saw Upton performed." General Sheridan heartily endorsed his sentiments. Major Ryan, after whom the camp is named, died shortly after their encampment at Andalusia three years ago.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

On Tuesday evening last a delegation consisting of Deputy Grand Regent Erwin, and several members of Philadelphia Council, paid a fraternal visit to Nonpariel Council, 1037, R. A., of this place and expressed their gratification at the thriving condition and promising outlook for the future of the Council. An application from Mr. Edward Thomas, of Torresdale, was received for membership. The Royal Arcanum is a social order with the usual virtues of similar societies, and the added benefit of an insurance feature which guarantees to the family of each member at death, either $1500 or $3000. Its membership is about 90,000 in over 1100 Councils, scattered throughout the United States, (except in the extreme South), and is composed of business men, professional men and artisans, all selected medical risks and of good standing in their respective communities. There are no high salaried officers to pay, no exhorbitant rents, nor agents who gobble up almost all the first premium a policy holder pays and a good percentage of each payment afterward. This enables the R. A. to provide insurance at very low rates of cost. The insurance is payable only to actual dependents of the members. Cannot be assigned or attached for debt and is an absolutely safe and sure means of providing for one's family after death, to the extent of $3000 at least. Any further information will be cheerfully given by inquiring of Wm. S. Doron, Secretary, J. Wesley Wright, J. K. Young, F. N. Booz, H. G. Peters, Harvey S. Rue, or Serrill Douglass, Regent.

GLEANINGS.

The recent floods on the Neshaminy Creek have broken up many camping parties along its banks.

An Italian has received the contract for constructing the Horsham and Hatboro turnpike for $5,500.

During the severe storm of last week a portion of the tin-roof was blown off of the railroad station at Yardley.

A large mill, to manufacture worsted goods exclusively, is to be erected in Chester. It will give employment to about four hundred hands.

The Burgess of Newtown has directed the High Constable to arrest all persons seen drunk, obstructing the sidewalks or heard swearing on the public street.

A. B. Wanner, a Reading lawyer, recently built a $25,000 house and, after living in it a week, moved back to his old home. He says the new house is too fine.

A "terra cotta lumber company" has been organized by Pittsburg financiers. The lumber is made of sawdust and clay, and is expected to supersede lath and plaster.

The mean temperature for July, at Philadelphia as announced by the United States Signal office, was 73 8, or 1 7 degree greater than the temperature for the same month last year.

The members of the Republican County Committee will meet at the room of the Doylestown Republican League, on Monday, August 12, 1889, at 11 o'clock A. M. for the purpose of organization and transaction of other important business.

A prominent Bristol hotel keeper who came across in a rowboat after beer yesterday, was noticed completing his load with cord wood. It is very probable that the owner of the wood will interview him shortly.—Burlington Enterprise.

A horse stolen from a farm near Fallsington, which had been put out to pasture by a Trenton man, was found in James Rogers' potato patch a few days ago. Israel Allen located the horse and secured the $25 reward offered for the recovery of the animal.

Smith Kirk, of Pineville, early on Wednesday morning last, after looking out of the window to see how the weather was, turned to go back, but missed his footing, falling down stairs breaking his arm and dislocating his shoulder. Dr. Adams, of Pineville, attended his injuries.

An examination of the meteorogical records, which are kept with a commendable fidelity at the Pennsylvania hospital, reveals the extraordinary fact that there have been since the 1st of February last but twenty-eight absolutely clear days. This is claimed by weather savans to be phenomenal.

Carl Wilks, a German farm hand, who had been missing several weeks from his employer, was found the other day hanging to an apple tree near Belfry station, on the Sonny Creek Railroad, near Norristown. The body was much decomposed, and but for a photograph lying on the ground near by could not have been identified.

Near-by county fairs will be held on the following dates, Bucks county, at Doylestown, October 1-4; Berks, at Reading, September 17-20; Chester, at West Chester, October 10-20; Lancaster, at Lancaster, September 9-14; Lehigh, at Allentown, September 23-27; Montgomery, at Pottstown, September 24-27; Northampton, at Nazareth, October 1-4.

An exchange says that every newspaper in the State should publish the fact that burnt corn is a sure cure for hog cholera. It was first discovered by the burning of a pile of corn belonging to a distillery at Peoria. It was thrown to the hogs and it was readily eaten by them. Before that time a number had been dying each day with the cholera, but the disease immediately disappeared. The remedy is so simple that it can be easily tried.

The Republican State Convention in Harrisburg yesterday nominated Hon. Henry K. Boyer for State treasurer and re-elected Hon. W. H. Andrews chairman of the State Committee. Resolutions were adopted endorsing the federal and State Administrations, advocating Protection, congratulating Senator Quay upon his successful conduct of the last national campaign, endorsing the High License laws, and recommending their improvement to include the control of wholesale licenses, and advising legislative action for the relief of the flood sufferers.

The project to extend the North East railroad from Breadysville to New Hope is in pretty good shape to become an assured fact. Indeed, it is said the contract for building the road has already been awarded to Colonel John Jameson, a railroad contractor, of Bloomsburg, Pa. This would seem to be confirmed by the fact that Mr. Jameson has been along the route looking over the ground, presumably for the purpose of making estimates. The route, as surveyed, is twenty-eight miles to Philadelphia from New Hope, thus making it twenty miles shorter than by the Belvidere Delaware Division road to Broad street. Should the road be built to New Hope, it will probably be extended to New York in due time.

TULLYTOWN NOTES.

Dr. James Hunter is off on a four days' vacation.

Our base ball club is getting new suits; they expect to play in them here next Saturday, in a game with a Trenton club.

Dr. L. S. Walton was in Hatboro' on Tuesday last attending the funeral of his brother.

James Lafferty fell from a ladder last Friday, injuring himself quite badly. He is slowly recovering.

Walter Williams, a Pennsylvania Railroad operator, is on duty again. Walter was off on a three months' vacation, but he found it too slow.

The Pennsylvania R. R. Co. is now erecting the iron bridge at the graded turnpike crossing, just above the town. They have about completed the stone bridge across Martin's creek.

The Tullytown base ball club defeated a Bristol club here last Saturday afternoon, in a game of four innings; score 2 to 0.

We hear quite a number of the farmers complaining of their potatoes rotting. Wm. Tallman thinks that he has lost eight hundred bushels.

The heavy rain and wind storm of last Saturday evening did considerable damage through the Penn's Manor district, blowing down trees, corn and tobacco. The wind blew with greater force through a space of 150 to 200 yards, than elsewhere.

On account of the heavy rain on Saturday evening the turnpike at Martin's creek was flooded all day Sunday, which compelled the pastor, Rev. E. E. Mitchell, and members of the Christian church, to abandon the church for the day. Services were held in the M. E. church in the morning and evening, with Mr. Mitchell as pastor, which pleased all.

—A financial conundrum.—If A. sells 40 tons of coal, gross weight, for $5.00 per ton, and makes five cents a ton profit, how much will B. make who sells 80 tons, gross weight, for $4.60 per ton? Respectfully referred to the Bristol coal dealers. QUERY.

COMMUNICATED.

MR. EDITOR:—In your last week's issue there was a communication from a taxpayer in relation to the continuance of Franklin street from Wood to Pond street, in which he draws an alarming picture of what will happen to the injury of the taxpayers if the Burgess and Council fail to take immediate steps to have the said Franklin street extended to Pond street. As a warning, he refers to the continuance of Cedar street, and says, that when the time came to extend Cedar street our Borough Fathers were compelled to pay several thousand dollars damages in excess of the value of the land taken; that the damages for the removal of the buildings far exceeded the value of the ground, etc. Taxpayer is greatly mistaken in the amount he says it cost the borough to extend said street. I have been informed by one who was in Council at the time, that the whole cost, including the stable of Capt. Hutchinson, which was the only building that had to be removed, did not exceed $1100. In looking over the book containing the Borough ordinances, it appears that in 1836 there was an ordinance passed to lay out Franklin and Penn streets, and they were laid out from Radcliffe to Wood streets. In 1855 there was an ordinance passed to extend certain streets, in which it calls for the extension of Franklin and Penn streets from Wood to Pond streets; and, again in 1881 an ordinance was passed declaring the true intent and meaning of the ordinance of 1836. Penn street was extended under the provisions of said ordinances.

Now, Mr. Editor, if the ordinances of 1855 and 1881 were passed in strict conformity to the requirements of the Act of the Legislature giving to the Burgess and Council power to lay out and extend roads, streets, alleys, etc., then Franklin street, from Wood to Pond street, was, to all intents, continued and made a highway, as were all the other streets named in the said ordinances. This matter can be easily settled by referring the subject to the Borough's counsel for his opinion whether the ordinances passed for the extension of the above-named streets were passed by Councilin strict compliance with the provisions of the Act of Assembly. A word on the necessity of extending Franklin street. The object of laying out and extending roads, streets, etc., is for the public good whenever so needed for traveling purposes. Do the citizens of Bristol need the continuing of Franklin street for business purposes? I think they do not. If the subject was submitted to a vote of the taxpayers it would be defeated by an overwhelming vote. That would settle the question for the next generation. Does a majority of the land owners, through which this street is to pass, want it continued to Pond street? I have been informed the Friends who own two-thirds of the land over which the street will pass, are not in favor of continuing the street. Is it right and just to the taxpayers to incur a debt on the Borough of some $2500 to open and grade a street for the sole purpose of enabling a land-owner to bring his land into a marketable value at the expense of the citizens who will receive no benefit whatever from the opening of Franklin street.

Taxpayer talks about what the DeWitt Brothers are going to do in the Fall in building dwellings and hot-houses on their land, and urges that measures be taken by the Council to stop them from making such improvements as they may think their business enterprises may demand. It is to be hoped that Council will give the matter of extending Franklin street a quietus by refusing to take any action in the matter. If upon examination of the ordinances passed for the extension of Franklin street, it should be found they are legal and binding in law, any person who may attempt to place any obstructions by buildings or otherwise, on the said street, will make himself liable to a prosecution in law.

ANOTHER TAXPAYER.

PENN STREET EXTENSION.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—In reply to "Tax Payer" in last week's issue of the GAZETE I desire to say as a resident and property owner of Bristol that there is no necessity for the extension of Franklin street, especially if it will increase our taxes. If the Society of Friends and the DeWitt Brothers are willing to donate the ground to the borough, well and good, but if we are to pay damages we do not want it. Streets are offered to the borough in all directions and are declined. We now have more streets than we can properly take care of, and it looks as if we would soon have more houses than we can rent.

The extension of Franklin street is not needed. There is not a dwelling on the north side of Wood street from Penn to Walnut, and only two on the South side of Wood street. What few houses are located on Pond street between Penn and Walnut are occupied by people who have never asked for the extension and are satisfied with present conditions as preferable to increased taxation. It should also be remembered that the borough expense does not end with the opening and grading of the street. It will always be a charge and expense just the same as all others have been. J. T.

BASE BALL NOTES.

The Landreth Club play a game with a club of the State Fencibles to-day on the Athletic grounds.

The Bristol Club started for Doylestown this morning with the expectation of gaining another victory over the Doylestown club. They took the overland route and went in two wagons. Several friends of the club accompanied them.

The deciding game for the championship between Burlington and Bristol was played on Tuesday on the Burlington grounds. The Burlington club won the game. The score:

BRISTOL.	R	1B.	P.O.	A.	E
Arrison, ss	0	1	0	2	1
Hd'g, cf. 3b.	0	2	1	0	0
Black, 3b, c.	0	1	2	1	0
E. Coleman lf	1	0	0	0	0
Rickert, 1b	1	1	9	0	0
F. M'Dnl, 2b	0	0	2	2	1
Potts, c., c.	0	0	8	2	0
J. M'Dnl, rf	0	1	1	0	1
J. Coleman, p	0	1	10	0	0
Curran, cf.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	2	6	24	17	3

BURLINGTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Halsinger, c	1	2	3	4	1
Humph'y, 3b	0	1	1	0	2
Steinruck, p	2	1	2	1	1
Mawson, ss	1	1	1	1	1
Adams'n, cf.	1	1	2	0	0
Sowers, 2b.	0	0	1	2	1
McL'gn, lf.	0	0	0	0	0
Barckly, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Kitroy, p.	0	0	0	1	4
Totals,	6	8	7	9	4

INNINGS.

Bristol	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—2
Burlington	2	0	0	0	3	0	1	0	x	—1

The Sioux City Corn Palace

The only one in the world.
Opens September 23 1, 1889.
Closes October 5th, 1889.
Corn is King and Sioux City is the capital of his kingdom.
The Corn Palace of 1889 will be larger, grander and more artistic than its predecessors.
Reduced Excursion rates on all principal Railways.
The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the direct route to Sioux City.
For all details relative to the Corn Palace address Jas. V. Mahoney, Secretary, Sioux City, Iowa.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 6, 1889.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—From this city, at this season, there is not much important news to send out. The few newspaper correspondents remaining use their imaginative faculties freely and rumors are given more weight and are hunted to their source with much less vigilance than when the social world is in full swing and Congress is trying how not to legislate.

Deer Park, among the Maryland mountains, where the President retires with his family, for occasional seclusion from importunate visitors, has come to be called the summer capital as Long Branch was called during Grant's administration. A house at the Soldier's Home was at the disposal of Gen. Grant and President Arthur and being conveniently near the city was frequently occupied by both when they felt the need of breathing purer air than blows from the Potomac flats into the White House windows. Many times since Garfield languished so long in the atmosphere of the Potomac there have been suggestions of erecting a new Presidential mansion in some more salubrious quarter of the city. Without considering the healthfulness of the White House—a matter of the greatest importance, however,—every year shows how unfitted it is as a place of residence in addition to being used as an executive office. President and Mrs Cleveland found the famous "Red Top" necessary for their comfort and health in the warm months and no doubt experienced much discomfort in lack of conveniences during the winter months. So that, although few men would refuse a call of the people to the White House, it seems that all recent occupants, without regard their political opinions, have been anxious to get out of it in summer time. The recent report of the Superintendent of Public Grounds recommends the erection of a new Presidential mansion and the giving up of the White House to the transaction of official business. As this is also favored by Mrs. Harrison and is a sensible recommendation in itself the coming Congress, if it does not tie itself all up in a knot in trying to organize, may do something with it.

Virginia politics are interesting Washington people and perhaps other people also. The recent treaty of peace between the two Republican factions is pleasing to Republicans, who hope it may be permanent: and bitterness to Democrats, especially Virginia Democrats, who predict a failure for the compromise and think they beleive their prediction. It is amusing to notice the sorrow of the Democratic papers of the South over the insult to Virginia offered by the Republican National Committee, in this matter. It is an abuse of National influence in state affairs such as no reconstructed Southern Democrat can tolerate with any degree of patience. In the meantime, now that the Republicans have followed the advice of the New York Sun to the Democrats, and "got together," if they stick together there is no reason why Virginia should not go Republican at the next election and remain permanently in the Republican column.

The restriction of the liquor traffic by high license appears to be a favorite method of operation in localities where the prohibition sentiment is weak. During the last two sessions of Congress measures have been presented looking toward a vote by the people of this district upon this question. In the light of the sentiment expressed by the states lately voting on the subject it would be a waste of time, money and effort to make a similar issue here. There is room for all the practical temperance work that can be done. Like all other large cities this is filled with more saloons than are necessary, and there does not seem to be any difficulty for any one, unless obnoxious to an extraordinary degree, to procure a license. Protests against the issuance of license have rarely proved effective. If temperance people, prohibitionists and all other "ists", who really desire the decrease of intemperance in liquor drinking, would, all over the country, press upon their Congressmen the enactment of a stringent, restrictive, high license law, for the District of Columbia, it would be of much more practical worth than the entire deluge of prohibition petitions that have been sent to Congress for the last decade.

Real estate speculation has been raging here for the past few years and there does not appear to be any diminution of the fever. Nearly every prominent real estate dealer has a suburban tract of land sub-divided into building lots which find ready purchasers and increase rapidly in price. The northwestern section of the city has been and still is the seat of greatest improvement, but the high prices developed there have caused a boom in other sections, where land is cheaper. In a northeastern direction the improvements have been rapid. An electric railway running from one of the principal business centres out northeast to the new Catholic University, has been one cause of building improvements in that direction. It is found cheaper and pleasanter, especially during the summer, to reside at one of these little suburban villages, than directly in the city; and the electric car brings one into the heart of the city in a very few minutes.

New York city is trying to monopolize the proposed World's Exposition in 1892, but there are several other claimants for the honor and responsibility. This city has strong advocates and expects to make a strong impression upon Congress when it assembles. New York certainly has not recommended itself to consideration for national celebrations by the way it has failed to erect the Grant monument or the manner in which it mismanaged the late centennial celebration.

There is a good sized colony of Bristolians in Washington. As far as known they are apparently prosperous and conducting themselves as Pennsylvanians should. Nearly every state has an association, composed of its residents here, which has occasional meetings of a social character. If the number of Bucks countians continues to increase it would not be surprising if a Bucks county association should be organized.

The second comptroller of the treasury and his private secretary are very comfortably located in the Treasury Department. They are easy of access and receive their callers with the courtesy peculiar to officials of the United States. Visitors from foreign countries have spoken to me with surprise at the urbanity of our civil service officials, and if their opinions may be trusted our civil service system, so berated by the civil service mugwumps, produces better results than tenure for life system. D. MUNCEY.

FERNWOOD NOTES.

Arrivals at Fernwood. Mr. and Mrs. Engle, Miss Helen Engle, baby Engle and nurse.

The overflow at Fernwood during the wet weather was engineered so skillfully by F. J. Duff, of Philadelphia, that the guests experienced no inconvenience.

The guests at Fernwood enjoyed a roller ride on the lawn tennis grounds on last Friday; this was another of the occasions when the light weights figured to a disadvantage.

The young people of Fernwood visited the camp grounds on Tuesday, en masse, with flags flying and banners waving, and had a general good time.

The weekly progressive euchre party of four tables occured on Monday night at Fernwood, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Cornell, of Bristol, won the ladies and gentlemen's prizes. The gentleman's booby prize was awarded to Mr. W. H. Bendley, of Phila., the lady's booby prize to Miss Lillie Hall.

One of the most enjoyable events of the season occurred on Tuesday night when the Rochelle Club of Washington, Del., surprised the guests at Fernwood. At 8.30 four horses and a large wagon containing sixteen couples drove up. After their arrival dancing and singing followed and a very pleasant evening was spent by all. As they were about to leave they bid us adieu with their club yell and Fernwood responded with theirs.

CHILDREN'S DISEASES—SUMMER COMPLAINTS.—Careful statistics show that a large proportion of the human family die before reaching their fifth year; and that further examination shows that most of these deaths occur from what is known as "Summer Complaints," "Diarrhœa," "Cholera Infantum" and "Dysentery." These are all strictly preventable causes of death and it is a disgrace to the civilization and medical skill of the age that such mortality should occur. Of course unhealthy surroundings and close, ill-ventilated dwelling, stifling sleeping rooms, hot air and improper food have much to do in causing and keeping up these diseases. But bad medication has even more to do with the unfortunate results. The medicines most commonly resorted to, not only do not cure but often prolong and keep up the disease. It is refleshing in this uncertainty to turn to remedies that only do not injure but that do cure. Such as "Humphreys' Specifics." His four, five and six are infallable and thousands of families use them with the most satisfactory results.—Topeka, Kansas "Methodist Chautauqua."

Personally-Conducted Tours to Luray via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The wide popularity which the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally-conducted tours to Luray and Natural Bridge gained last season, has induced the company to repeat them this summer. There is no more attractive region in the East than the great valley of Virginia, with its two great wonders—the Caves and the Bridge—and none could be chosen from which tourists could derive more pleasure, profit, and instruction. The tours are fixed for Thursdays in August and September. Excursion tickets which include a day's board at Luray Inn and admission to the caverns, will be sold from Philadelphia at $10 00, and proportionately low rates from other stations. These tickets will be accepted for passage from Philadelphia only on the Niagara Express, leaving Broad Street Station 8 50 A. M. This also applies to points on the Philadelphia Division at which the Niagara Express stops. From all stations east and north of Trenton, the tickets are good for passage to preceding the day excursion, as well as on the train leaving New York at 6 50 A. M. on Thursday, which will arrive in Philadelphia in time to connect with the Niagara Express. From other stations regular trains connecting with the Niagara Express at the nearest station must be used. The party will be in charge of the Tourist Agent and Chaperon. The return portion of the tickets will be good for use until and including the following Thursday. Tickets may also be purchased at $1 00 more than the rate above quoted valid for the round trip via Gettysburg. In general and especial attractiveness this trip is unequaled.

*Distress after eating, heartburn, sick headache and indigestion are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It also creates a good appetite.

*HAY FEVER AND ROSE COLD are attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tearducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes. Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy that can be depended upon. 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Ely Brothers, druggists, 56 Warren St., New York.

*Moffat's Life Pills are purely vegetable. They act on the Liver, opening the ducts, and restoring the whole body to perfect health. Always have a box of them in the house. For sale by druggists everywhere.

A family Gathering

*Have you a father? Have you a mother? Have you a son or a daughter, sister or a brother who has not yet taken Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the guaranteed remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup and all Throat and Lung troubles? If so why, when a sample bottle is gladly offered to you free by any druggist, and the large size costs only 50 cents and $1 00?

Card of Thanks

*If the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam should publish a card of gratitude which come to him daily from those who have been cured of severe throat and lung troubles by the use of Kemp's Balsam, it would fill a fair-sized book. How much better to invite all to call on any druggist and get a free sample bottle that you may test for yourself its power. Large bottles 50c and $1 00.

*GRAPE JUICE FOR SICKNESS.—The art of cultivating the Oporto vine and fermenting the Oporto Grape into wine in this country, and of preserving the Grape Juice fresh without fermentation has been brought to a greater degree of perfection by Mr. Alfred Speer, of Passaic, N. J., than by any other person; in fact, he was the pioneer in introducing and advertising Native Wines. He has purchased hundreds of tons of grapes, besides his own vintage. Mr. Speer's success has arisen from the strict purity and valuable properties of his wines for invalids and feeble persons, and his reputation extends around the world.

New Advertisements.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, New York City.

DR. THEEL
538 NORTH FOURTH STREET
below Green, Philadelphia. Is the ONLY Physician and Specialist who can prove that he cures by a entirely new and harmless method after Advertising Doctors, Family Physicians, Hospital and Army Surgeons fail. The most severe cases of

All Special Diseases, Blood Poison, Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Pimples, Ulcers, Malaria, Loss of Memory etc. Fresh cases 4 to 10 days. Send for book Truth, exposing fraud. Hours, 8 to 4 to 9 Wed. & Sat. Evgs. till 10 Sun. till 1. European Hospital and 28 years Combined Private Practical Experience.

DON'T BE HUMBUGGED

by quacks claiming 15 to 40 years experience which they do not possess. Their well worded and deceitful advertisements deceive many unfortunates, who being robbed by them, daily come under DR. THEEL'S Notice. Write or call.

ELY'S Cream Balm CURES HAY-FEVER AND Cold in Head

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Miscellaneous

LOOK!

***This is what we have to say about Shoes that will do you good:

SHOES!

Men's Fine Calf, dress,	$3.00	Men's Fine Dress, good,	$2.00
Men's Fine Dress,	1.25	Boy's Fine, good,	1.75
Boy's knock-about,	1.50	Ladies' Fine, extra good,	2.60
Ladies' Fine, good,	2.00	Ladies' Good everyday,	1.50
Misses' Fine, extra good,	1.50	Misses' Fine, good sp. heels,	1.25
Children's Fine sp. heels,	1,25	Children's good,	1.00

And Shoes of most every style and description,

AT ELMER E. JOHNSON'S

CASH STORE!

TULLYTOWN, PA.

To Atlantic City, $1.40. Six Hours on the Beach.

Special Sunday Excursions

VIA.

STR. "COLUMBIA" AND PHILA. and READING R. R.

Steamer "COLUMBIA" leaves Bristol at 7 A. M., Burlington, 7.15, Beverly, 7.30, Andalusia, 7.40, Torresdale, 7.50, and Riverton, 8 A. M. Connecting at Chestnut St. wharf with the Philadelphia & Reading R. R., arriving at Atlantic City at 11 A. M. Returning, leave Atlantic City at 4.45 P. M., connecting with Steamer "Columbia at 6 P. M.

Fare for Round Trip, $1.40

FROM RIVERTON, $1.30.

Bristol Advertisements.

CHAS. WEEKS,
—DEALER IN—
Pure Lehigh Coal,
Lime, Sand, Stone, Wood, &c.,
OFFICE—Mill Street, above Radcliffe Street, Bristol, Pa.
Your trade is solicited.

MRS. JOHN HEAD,
No. 15 Bath St., Bristol.
Dressmaking, Plain Sewing, and Children's Clothes.
ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

STILL AHEAD!
W. H. RAYLMOND,
—DEALER IN—
Groceries, Provisions,
ETC., ETC,
In the old "Co-operative Store,"
DORRANCE STREET, Bristol, Pa.

WILLIAM TERNESON,
Manufacturer & dealer in
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine
Boots, Shoes & Gaiters,
Cor. Mill and Pond Sts., BRISTOL, PA.
A first-class calf-skin Gaiter, my own make, $3
Also a full line of John Mundell's Solar Tipped Children's Shoes.

FRED. B. BOOZ,
—DEALER IN—
FINE GROCERIES, FRUITS, AND PROVISIONS,
A specialty in
TEAS AND COFFEES.
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AN OLD LOVE LETTER.

Forgotten long and thrust away
In an old trunk, I found, today
A yellow letter
The ink was faded dim with time.
Simple the words, yet poet's rhyme
Ne'er spoke love better

How quaint the old world phrases sound!
And yet, I fancy some one found
Them sweet and tender;
And blushing as she read them o'er—
For maidens some times blushed of yore—
Thought of the sender

Oh maiden fair and lover true,
Long since the grass grew over you.
But this fond greeting
Has lasted through the lapse of years,
With all their varying hopes and fears
And passions fleeting

Again I gently lay it by,
And ponder with a passing sigh.
Though time may sever
True hearts, sweet memories and love,
All other memories above
Will live forever —Drake's Magazine.

IS IT WRONG?

Is it wrong?
To love you and to long
For your dear presence every hour
With all the concentrated power
And strength of mind and heart and soul,
When even the dream bells toll and toll
The echoes of your sacred name,
If it be wrong I'll bear the blame
Of all these wild desires that throng
My heart, if it be wrong

Is it wrong?
To drift in listlessness along
The tide of life, and dream of lands
Beyond the stars where these weak hands
Shall clasp thine own in warm embrace;
And gazing in thy radiant face
I shall read more than boasts the lore
Of all the ages gone before;
And weave your being in the song
That fills my heaven—Ah, is it wrong?
—Montgomery M. Folsom.

THE SEPOYS' DEFENSE.

I had been in India ten months when the first meeting among native troops occurred. The English have been hastily criticised that the civil and military officials in the several provinces were not better posted, and that more vigorous measures were not taken at the outset to crush the rebellion. No European, no matter what his position or how keen he was, could have foretold the widespread mutiny, and in most instances the native troops so greatly outnumbered the European that the military authorities were powerless to quell mutiny. Long enough before the first mutiny occurred everybody knew that the country was restless, and that incendiary addresses were being made and rebellious documents circulated, but the natives played their parts so well as to deceive military men born and reared with them.

Soon after my arrival at Seetapore, in the territory of Gwalior, the signs of an outbreak became so menacing that I made preparations to depart, but was induced to remain by the representations of the British officers. They declared their utmost faith in the native soldiery, and to this was added the protestations of the body servant who had been with me for half a year. He was an intelligent, well educated Sepoy, who had traveled extensively with Europeans, and who was well posted in the manners and customs of the natives. He solemnly assured me that the outbreaks at Delhi, Agra, Nusseerabad and other places were owing entirely to local causes, and that no general disaffection existed. As I afterward came to know, this fellow, while telling me this, was not only acting as a spy for the malcontents, but had carefully appraised my personal property and made his calculations to kill me and take possession.

There were over 3,000 native soldiery in camp at Seetapore, and nothing in their conduct up to the 1st of June gave rise to the slightest suspicion that an outbreak was intended On the morning of the 2d revolt was ripe. The commandant was informed that the entire body of native soldiery had determined to throw off the yoke and join the rebellion, but that all Europeans would have an opportunity to leave the place in safety. Lucknow was only fifty miles away, and all could reach that place. Strangely enough, this warning was ridiculed by the military, although discipline in the cantonment was at an end and one-third of the native soldiery were intoxicated I saw this as I rode out to the camps from the town, and although assured that there was not the slightest cause to run away, I returned to the house of my cousin, who was in the civil service, and at once made preparations to leave. My servant used his utmost efforts to prevent my going, but when I found that two-thirds of the citizens were also making preparations to leave, I determined to take the safe side.

When I set out from Seetapore on the highway for Lucknow it was in a carriage, in which were my cousin, his wife, another civil official named Roberts and his wife, and a young man named Chester, who was a clerk in Roberts' employ. The driver was a native who had been in the service of my cousin for fifteen years. We had our rifles and pistols and plenty of ammunition, and all the small valuables about the house were packed in the carriage. Two miles out we overtook a similar outfit, which contained three civil officials, two of whom were married men and had their wives and children along As all were acquainted it was agreed to travel together, and the journey during the afternoon was entirely safe and pleasant. We passed many natives, all headed for Seetapore, most of whom saluted us courteously, and an hour before sundown, when we had made seventeen miles and drew up at a government bungalow to refresh ourselves, we felt rather cheap at having run away so soon. There were no other travelers at the bungalow, and after resting for an hour we were discussing the idea of a return to Seetapore, when a native woman, whose presence none of us had detected, showed herself to my cousin's wife. She proved to be a woman who had been in the lady's employ for several years, and had left her to get married, and now lived near the bungalow. She stated that the soldiery at Seetapore would rebel on the morrow and sack the town and slaughter all Europeans, and that a body of natives over a hundred strong had that afternoon rendezvoused within half a mile of the bungalow and then proceeded to a point three miles down the road, where they proposed to stop and slaughter all Feringhees seeking to escape to Lucknow. They had reached the spot selected by this time, and our escape by the highway was thus cut off.

This native woman refused to see any of the men of the party or to speak with any of the other ladies besides my cousin's wife, and was gone before we knew of her warning. No one doubted her information, and for some time we were unable to decide on a plan of action. It was finally decided to drive on about two miles and there take a cross road known to exist, and thus flank the force gathered for our destruction. It was dark when we left the bungalow, and we reached the cross road without adventure. After passing up this road for a mile or two we began to look for an opportunity to head to the east again, but we drove three miles before we found it. Then it was a blind road, leading through a heavy jungle and over very rough ground. Had it not been a bright moonlight night we could not have traveled ten rods upon this route. With everything in our favor we made but slow progress, and, after following the road for about two miles, we found that it ended at an old quarry, and beyond this was a jungle which one could scarcely penetrate on foot. Everybody at once realized that we were in a fix. It was now midnight, and to return to the highway was to place ourselves at the mercy of the first band of marauders astir. We could not go ahead, and how were we to remain in that desolate spot?

As the Indian wars of America have furnished unnumbered instances of the heroism of American women, so did that outbreak in India prove to the world the courage of hundreds of English females of all ages, from grandmothers to maidens. As we stood beside the carriages in that lonely spot consulting as to what should be done, not a woman spoke a word to show cowardice or despair. It was by the advice of Mrs. Roberts that the horses were detached from the vehicles, and we sat down to patiently wait until daybreak should more clearly reveal our situation. Twice during that wait a tiger came prowling about us, and just before daylight a great hyena would have dashed at one of the horses had not a pistol shot frightened him off.

Daylight bettered our situation somewhat. While it at once put an end to the hope that we could proceed further with the carriages, it revealed to us a half completed temple, thus far erected out of huge blocks of stone, and showed us that fresh water and plenty of wild fruits were at hand. The temple walls had been run up about ten feet, inclosing a square of a quarter of an acre There was only one opening thus far, which was for the main entrance At the further end was the dividing wall, making an inclosure about fifty feet across by twenty the other way This inclosure also had an opening, and as soon as we had made a hasty inspection of the place we got the horses and carriages into the main inclosure, and set apart the smaller one for the people The walls of this part were fifteen feet high, rising plumb from the earth, and could not be scaled without ladders, while there were seven of us with rifles to guard the archway, which was not much larger than a common door.

While we were not sure that the driver could be trusted, he was sent back to the main road to cover our trail if possible, and to lie in hiding and pick up such information as he might. He had no sooner departed than we watered the horses, hid them away in the jungle to forage, got water for the people, and then made a scant breakfast on some sandwiches which one of the ladies had been thoughtful enough to bring along. There were plenty of wild gourds around the old ruin, and in an hour we had ten gallons of water stowed away for emergency. It was the season for many wild fruits and roots, and before noon our commissary department would have stood a siege of four or five days. There were three children in the party, the oldest only 8 and the youngest 4, but not one of them uttered a complaint. Even the youngest seemed to realize the situation and to have determined not to add to the anxiety of it in the slightest. Long enough before noon we heard the firing of guns from the spot where the Lucknow highway had been barricaded, and, as was afterward known to me alone, over one hundred fugitives were slaughtered at that point that day.

The driver reappeared about 2 o'clock He had reached the road and effaced the wheel and hoof marks just in time. A party on horseback, led by my body servant, was out looking for us, and they not discover that we had left the road From their talk our man learned that the native soldiery were to revolt that morning, and that the town of Seetapore was to be given up to plunder. The whole country was up in arms against British rule, and the anticipated rebellion was at last a fact. We were in a thinly settled district, as he learned, and might remain undiscovered for several days if we kept quiet. The man's loyalty could no longer be questioned, and he was taken into our confidence and his advice asked for. He advised us to remain where we were until obliged to move on, and all agreed that this was the wisest policy. We felt that our greatest danger lay toward the highway from which we had turned off, and that evening, after a day of undisturbed peace, I accompanied the driver back to the point from which he had made his observations in the morning Natives were passing in great numbers, some going toward Seetapore and some the other way. We soon heard enough to prove that the expected revolt had taken place, and we heard men boasting of the bloody deeds they had performed. The cantonment had been burned, most of the town laid in ashes, and every European who had remained had been hacked to pieces. The native soldiery were now scattering in detached bodies, each on its own account, to rob, murder and join hands with some organized force to push the rebellion.

We were awake the whole night long, and our place of concealment was in a thicket along the edge of the road About midnight a party coming from the east met one from the west just opposite us, and in a minute or two I recognized the voice of my body servant He had been down the road to the east looking for me, having eight or ten villains with him, and, having failed in his search, was now asking for information None of the other could enlighten him, and as he rode away I heard him saying something about searching the thickets for our party We returned to the temple at daybreak to find that the people had passed a quiet night. The horses were cared for, a breakfast made on fruits and roots, and after having slept for three hours I took the driver and set out for the south to see if we could not find a way through the jungle to permit us to reach the Lucknow road. After skirting the thickets for half a mile we found an opening. At this juncture the driver claimed to be very sick, and his demeanor and appearance bore out his statements. He had violent pains, as if taken with colic, but after an hour he felt able to return to the temple, leaving me to follow the route until I could see if we would be able to reach the road. After an hour's walk I found that we could, and in great good spirits I set out on my return

It was a very sultry day, with no air stirring, and I had to travel slowly It was fully three hours after I left the temple before I approached it on my return Everything was quiet, but the moment I entered the main inclosure I noticed that the vehicles were gone. In the center of the inclosure lay the body of the servant, his head cut clean off his body, but neither in that nor the smaller inclosure could I find any of the others of the party, living or dead. They had, it seemed, been surprised, made prisoners, and carried off in the vehicles. No sooner was I satisfied of this than I dashed away for the jungle, and set out in the direction of Lucknow. That night I fell in with a party headed for the same haven, and we reached it in safety next day, to be penned up there and take a hand in the siege later on.

It was not until British rule was firmly restored that I returned to Seetapore Almost the first familiar face my eyes beheld was that of my treacherous servant, who had let go of the native cause just at the right time to ingratiate himself with the conquerors, and had been put in a position of trust. I, however, caused his speedy arrest and trial, and only then did it come out that every soul hiding in that ruin had been taken to a spot about a mile away and butchered in cold blood. Ten of the forty or fifty natives implicated were captured, and these were hung on the same gallows at one time In defending his case in court the servant said to the judge:

"Most worshipful sahib, but for this one [meaning me] all would have been spared. Had he not run away, we should have killed him alone and simply robbed the others. You should therefore punish him and let me go free."—New York Sun.

A New York jeweler has two jewels, apparently diamonds, in his window, with the simple inscription over them: "Which is genuine?" Two young men, after holding a heated discussion on the question, made the jeweler the umpire of a wager. The latter was compelled to acknowledge that both were genuine. It was merely an ingenious advertisement.

The Flag of the Union.

Although the star spangled banner was established by resolution of congress June 14, 1777, it was not until forty-one years later that the present method of signifying the number of states by the number of stars was adopted. It had long been obvious that a new stripe could not be added for each new state without making the flag unsightly The stripes would either have to be narrowed or else the field enlarged out of all proportion to the Union. In 1818 Congressman Peter H. Wendover, acting on the suggestion of Capt. S. C. Reid, famous for his defense of the privateer General Armstrong, advocated the adoption of the present design.

Capt. Reid wanted all the stars grouped into one big star. Mr Wendover did not press the adoption of this feature. He succeeded in defeating various compromise schemes, among them one to have stripes for the old and stars for the new states, and an other to limit the stars to the old thirteen. Still a third was to fix the stripes at an arbitrary number. Finally Mr. Wendover's persistency was rewarded by the passage by the house of the following bill, which went through the senate without dissent:

That from and after the 4th day of July next the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union have twenty stars, white in a blue field.

That on the admission of every new state into the Union one star be added to the union of the flag, and that such addition shall take effect on the 4th of July next succeeding such addition.—Boston Transcript.

The Telephone Ear.

You have a telephone ear You may not know it, but you have all the same. It is the left ear, for it is on record that only a very small percentage of men or women use the right ear at the telephone. As a matter of fact, the telephone has suddenly come into prominence as a medical proposition, and unless the scientists are mistaken the bulk of men and women who use the telephone within a few years may expect to find themselves rather hard of hearing in the left ear This is because when using the telephone every muscle and nerve of the ear is strained to catch the faintest sound from the person speaking at the other end. Dr. Oliver W Moore, the eminent eye and ear specialist, was asked the other day if he had heard of any cases of deafness from the telephone.

"It is rather difficult to state exactly," he replied. "I have seen where the repeated sound of an instrument, or the repetition of any sound, has caused deafness. Telegraph operators are in danger of injuring their sense of hearing Boiler makers often suffer from deafness. In the construction of boilers it is necessary for one man to be inside of the boiler and the other outside, and the incessant noise caused by the riveting of the boilers always causes either deafness or an affection of the ear. As to the telephone, it no doubt has the same effect. It is natural and reasonable to suppose that a person listening for a sound, and not knowing the moment when it will come, may injure the membrane of the ear, and in time this might affect the hearing power."—Albany Express.

An Accommodating Boss.

A gang of men were at work on a city street, when a slight, beardless youth laid down his pick, and, approaching the foreman, said to him:

"Can I take a fit, sir?"

"Take what?" asked the foreman.

"A fit—I feel one coming on," replied the young man, without emotion.

"Why, certainly," said the foreman.

So the young man walked over to a bit of grass under a leafy tree—it was a new street in the suburbs—and had a fit.

Then he went and washed his face, came back to his place in the line, took up his pick and struck into work. After the day's work was over the young man said to the foreman: "You don't mind my having fits?"

"No—I guess not if you do a fair day's work"

"Well, you see I used to work for a butcher an' he wouldn't let me take fits—said it interfered with business—an' I thought you might feel the same way about it."

And the young man works hard with pick and shovel and takes a fit once in a while as you or I might take a drink of water.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Genuine Titian.

I was down to Conejos, in Southern Colorado, a few weeks ago, and was invited to go through the ancient adobe church and convent there. On the walls in one of the rooms I noticed a painting which seemed to be very old. I asked the priest about it, and he told me this story: "That picture is a genuine Titian, and has been in this country over 300 years. It was brought from Spain by Sig. Jose Valero, who came to Mexico soon after the conquest. The picture passed into other hands, and was eventually lost sight of When I took this charge, several years ago, I found it stuck away in a dark corner, as though considered worthless. I brought it to light, cleaned and framed it, and placed it where it hangs now I learned its history bit by bit, and its genuineness is well authenticated." The picture is a portrait of St Iago, and is about 2 by 3 feet. It would bring a fabulous sum if put up for sale.—Interview in Globe-Democrat.

His Way of Putting It.

"Do you know what an oath is, my child?" "Yes, sir, I am obliged to tell the truth." "And if you always tell the truth where will you go to when you die?" "Up to heaven, sir." "And what will become of you if you tell lies?" "I shall go down to the naughty place, sir." "Are you quite sure of that?" "Yes, sir, quite sure." "Let her be sworn. It is quite clear she knows a great deal more about it than I do." A witness once said to him: "My lord, you may believe me or not, but I have told the truth and I have been wedded to truth from my infancy." "Yes, sir," said Maule, "but the question is how long you have been a widower."—Mr. Sergeant Robinson in Bench and Bar

Thought It Was a Turtle.

It was related by a good Confederate soldier that on his return from Virginia in 1865 he brought a biscuit with him which some one had given him on the way. When he arrived at home he gave the children the biscuit and sent them to play while he talked to their mother Pretty soon he wanted to see the children again, and, going to the door, was surprised to see them putting live coals of fire on it.

"What on earth do you mean, boys!" said he.

"Oh, pa, we are going to make the darned thing poke its head out."—Valadosta (Ga.) Times.

Stop, Thief!

Horace Smith, adverting to the way in which a false conservatism charges the reformer of morals and of society with setting the country in a blaze, is reminded of the incendiary who, to avoid detection, turned round and collared the foreman of the engine, exclaiming: "Ha, fellow! have I caught you! This is the rascal who is first and foremost at every fire. Seize him! seize him!"—Clergyman in St. Louis Republic.

THEY GO TO THE CIRCUS.

HOW THE RUSTIC MAN AND MAID TOOK IN THE BIG SHOW.

Jonathan and Jemima Had a Whole Day of Pleasure, Marred Only by Shoes That Pinched a Little—The Old Romance That Is Always New Was Present Then.

In the year 18— Jonathan and Jemima went to the circus.

They had planned it for weeks, and Jonathan had made great preparations. He had talked it with the boys and with Jemima, and it had been settled. Jemima's folks had allowed it, and Jonathan had greased his boots and bought a new paper collar and a red tie, and had just simply told Dad that he was goin' Dad had said nothing, knowing that Jonathan was his own man now, and had a right to be chirking up to the girls if he wanted to.

On the bright July morning the sun was not up so soon as Jonathan. He had washed the harness and got out the old top buggy. Then he goes in, finds his handkerchief with perfumery on it, bought at the "Corner," and he is ready to drive away. Who shall tell the idyl of the morning? Who remembers how the sun burst and the birds sing and the bees find the clover and the brooks grow musical and the dewy morn, clad in robes of gold, marches over the fields? Who knows what Jonathan and Jemima talk of in that precious morning so many years ago?

The road to Lewiston is long and winding. It was in the years when first the circuses came by rail, and it is their mission to get there in time to see them unload the cages. They unload the cages now just as they did then, and never fail of an audience. It is heaps of fun for Jonathan when the lion roars in his cage and his fair companion clutches him by the arm. That signifies to the swain that she feels that his is a "purtection arm" and he is happy thereat. After they have superintended the unloading of the cages and have caught a glimpse of the elephant crossing a back lot and have taken a cold bite out of the basket in the wagon, they are surprised to find it only 5 o'clock in the morning with a long and happy day still before them. They drive down town and Jonathan stands in his horse and gives him some of the grass for a breakfast. He takes out the whip and carries it the rest of the day. Jemima gets a good woman near by to take care of the basket of food and they are ready for business and pleasure. In this year of 18— Jonathan went away by himself and had his hair cut and his mustache colored.

After that they pursued the dream of weeks. They had their pictures taken. They were in tin types. He sat in a chair with his head clutched in one of the old fashioned iron braces. Jemima, with a look of despair equaling the look of supreme and painful joy that irradiated his countenance, stood by his side and rested her hand on his shoulder. They got four of these for fifty cents, and he had two and she two The pictures are very dear to both. In years after they are seen by their eldest born when he is grown up and he asks them what "jays" these are in the picture and Mother Jemima says, "They are two wandering bluejays, my son, who were happy because they couldn't help it." And he sees the light in his dear old mother's eyes and says no more

Jemima marvels at the town in its circus attire. She looks into the store windows with open mouthed wonder With Jonathan she wanders up to the circus grounds and sees them put up the tents. What interests them most is the man in the wagon announcing the free show at the close of the parade on the grounds. They go to the grounds again. The day is warm, and Jonathan, who is used to freedom, takes off his coat and lugs it on his arm, while Jemima struggles on in tight boots and perspiration. The free show is over when they reach the grounds. It has been very short. Jonathan buys red lemonade for two and follows it up by trying it again for himself, his lady declining a second bumper Everybody is shouting. Everybody induces them to "try" something. Everybody is polite. Jonathan trys the striking machine and they charge their systems with electricity

"Try it, Sarah," says the man with the battery "There is no shock—only a cheerful flow of the current." Jonathan is surprised that it costs ten cents a flow, but he pays it and says nothing They test their lungs and try the flying horses. Jemima's boots hurt her still and her head aches, and it is only 11 o'clock

The side shows are open and they go in. They talk with the freaks and would buy pictures of them, but they have spent their allowance on pictures. Everybody seems to know them One only gentleman calls her Jemima. She wonders how he heard her name—not thinking that Jonathan is an outspoken young man Jemima is tired and sits down, while Jonathan wanders out to see the sights. He is said to have tried to find the card with the corner turned down, out behind the mess tent, but nobody knows. He comes back rather silent and escorts Jemima down town, where they commune with "marm's" victuals, and Jemima sort of wishes she was in her white dress out under the porch piazza sewing and letting the wind blow upon her

After dinner Jonathan's trouble seems to pass from him. They return to the show and are confidentially advised that they ought, in justice to themselves, to drink heartily of red lemonade before entering the big tent, because there will be no peddling on the seats. This is a lie, but they don't know it. They go in early. They pick the highest seats, where the sun can flow in on their backs and blister their necks. He gets his coat off and lays it on his knee. She holds his whip and unlaces her shoes. The cornucopia man presents her a cornucopia and she opens it. Jonathan has to settle by paying a quarter, and they both get provoked. She said she supposed it was a gift. Then the lemonade man treads on their toes. If there are three rings Jonathan calls her attention from one to the other If one ring they are not getting their money's worth. He buys a ticket to the concert because she is too bashful to say that she does not care to stay He also buys a history of the animals because she is looking at it when the man comes after it.

His calfskin pocket book is getting hot from the friction of pulling it out of his pocket so much He says he "never see such a darned swindle" as the whole show is They stop to see them feed the animals, and Jemima, like every other woman, stops so long before the monkey cage that Jonathan gets angry and says an impolite thing, and Jemima's pink cambric heaves convulsively, and he is sorry he said it

In going out the price of red lemonade has been reduced to two glasses for five, and he goes it again, while the obliging man treats on an extra drink.

They have confidences homeward. He holds her hand maybe, and only the little stars and they two know it. They didn't know that the circus men had seen them gape at the canvas dubs or the tinsel of the ring. They don't care As the long ride draws to an end Jemima slept with her head where her head had been in the picture, and he feels as though he would like to go to circus forever

Do you think times have changed much today?—Lowiston (Me) Journal.

The Way to Teach.

It is the recitation in direct or indirect studies which makes the pupil a friend or a truant, a student or a scamp, which will guide him along the paths of honest endeavor or byways of indolence and indifference. He finds words of praise for well doing or condemnation of neglect In the recitation the teacher gives proof of fitness or unfitness in his calling. Here is displayed the life of the school, and here is decided whether the school shall be a source of development or a source of unworthy motive, falseness and ineffective accomplishment. The pupils who recite from the book undergo an exercise of memory which is valuable, but below the end sought. All recitations should be discussions with illustrations and demonstrations. We have too much recitation. Three hours should be enough We waste time in recitation when we give no time for study Pupils of the primary grade should be given no study to do out of school, and higher grades very little. Let them learn other and valuable lessons.

One of the greatest wrongs in the schools today is keeping after school. It does not promote good attendance, conduct or benefit. Arouse the pupil's ambition by studying his peculiar temperament. Do not restrict to one book. Make examinations oral, with such written examinations as are necessary A pupil who acquits himself well in oration may often be advanced to a higher grade regardless of the results of a written examination. The details of the recitation of course depend on the teacher and the personality of the pupil —Professor George Howland.

Mme. de Stael Described.

"Mme de Stael (1813) was one of the most singular looking foreign monsters that I ever beheld. Her face was that of a blackamoor attempted to be washed white. She wore a wig like a bunch of withered heather, and over that a turban which looked as if it had been put on in the dark, a short neck, and shoulders rising so much behind that they almost amounted to a hump With this ugliness, all the airs of a beauty—forever tormenting her shawl into new draperies, and distorting her fingers as you see them in the ridiculous French portraits by Mignard and his followers. As to her conversation—to people who like long rhapsodies, scarcely intelligible, the theme chosen by the speaker, I dare say it was charming; for my own part, I had the bad taste not to be able to endure either her writings or discourses. I believe posterity will be of my mind as to the former; of the latter it cannot judge."—Charles Kirkpatrick Sharp in Temple Bar

High Speed on Railroads.

There are many things connected with high speeds on railways which tax the ingenuity of locomotive engineers to the utmost. The lines have to be made strong enough to withstand the heavy blows of the locomotive for the other portions of the running plant are light in comparison. A railway train at sixty miles an hour may be compared to a huge projectile, and subject to the same laws. The momentum is the product of the weight of the train multiplied by the square of the velocity in feet per second; and if we allow a train of 120 tons, traveling at a speed of sixty miles an hour, then the work required to bring it to a standstill would be 14,400 foot tons exerted through one minute, or nearly a thousand horse power, which gives some idea of its destructive force if, unhappily, it should come into action; and yet this terrific power is so entirely under command that the strength of a child turning the small handle of the vacuum brake can bring the train to a stand in a few seconds.—Chambers' Journal

Invention of Omnibuses.

The invention of omnibuses is due to the Philosopher Pascal, who, in February, 1667, obtained a "privilege" or a patent for public carriages to travel through certain streets of Paris. They held eight passengers, who paid six sous each, and were very successful, although an act of the parliament of Paris forbade them being used by lackeys, soldiers and other humble folks. Pascal died in 1667, and his useful invention did not long survive him. The omnibus reappeared in London about the beginning of the century, and was adopted in several French provincial towns before Paris accepted it again.—New York Telegram.

A Fish Story.

An account of a strange occurrence comes from Sodus bay. While some of the facts connected with the event may appear incredulous, yet the high character and standing of the parties witnessing the abnormal occurrence entitles the narrative to consideration. Three men, whose names shall not be mentioned, were fishing last Friday night in the placid waters of Big Sodus bay They pursued their sport in a skiff of ordinary size, aided by a friendly light, reflected from the bow of the boat. At a late hour in the night the occupants of the boat were startled by a peculiar sound proceeding from the heavens. It resembled the flapping of wings. Imagine their surprise when the trio of men suddenly beheld a fish lying at the bottom of the boat. It apparently approached from the cloud region, and at an angle of 45 degs. After recovering from their surprise the men proceeded to a critical examination of their nocturnal visitor. It was found to be an eel and weighed 5¾ pounds In place of the ordinary eel fin was a short, stout member, part fin and part wing, about five inches long and four wide. The tail of this monster, which evidently served as a rudder to guide it in its aerial flight, was also supplied with semi-formed quills.

Local scientists who have examined this curious creature are inclined to believe that it is in a transitory stage from the fish to the bird creation. The evidence is further emphasized by the fact that when supplied with different kinds of food the creature ate nearly a quart of corn, using its head much in the manner as a goose does when eating corn. There are also well defined legs and toes forming upon the belly of this undefinable creature.—Lyons Republican.

Born in Hard Luck.

"I don't s'pose it's any use," said the hungry man, mournfully, sidling up beside the well dressed man, "for me to ask you for a little assistance toward gettin' a bite to eat?"

"Not the least bit in the world," said the other man, cheerfully.

"I s'pose not," continued the hungry man, a tinge of sarcasm coming into his tone of voice and blending into a fine mezzotint quality with the Jeremiac strain. "I s'pose not." And this time he spoke reflectively "I an't no Johnstown sufferer, I an't, an' I don't know nothin' about Johnstown, so I can't tell no straight story. I an't never been to Seattle, and I can't pose as bein' burnt out. I an't even a Braidwood miner, I an't. Ef I wuz any of them I wouldn't be a askin' for a little somethin' to git a bite o' vittles.

"I'd be a-wearin good second hand close an' a necktie an' a shirt that splits down the front and back both. Mebbe I'd have a collar an' cuffs with buttons into 'em. Anyway I'd be a-spendin' relief money an' a-eatin' regular But I an't none o' them. I b'long right hyar an' I an't had no job for a year I'm busted 'cause it's my own fault, I am, an' I an't got no show to kick over the bad distribution o' no relief money at all All the luck comes ter people on the outside, an' a man right hyar at home has ter eat out o' slop barrels and sleep in coal holes an' get moved an' not have no close to speak of.

"It's mighty hard an' I just wisht some o' these fires or floods or somethin' would sorter come my way onct. I an't had no luck sence I wuz er kid, I an't," and he ambled away, broken in spirits hungry, footsore and ragged —Chicago Mail.

Southern Negro Superstitions.

Women in the north have trouble enough over the servant girl question, but their ways are paths of pleasantness compared with those of southern women—except that the southern woman is less disturbed over the more serious situation. When a Virginia woman wants to change girls she is compelled to go at least three days without any help at all. The kitchen help is black, of course, and superstitious. No colored girl will go into a house until three days after the retiring help has vanished, for fear of being "tricked"—in other words, hoodooed, placed under a spell—by the dismissed help Whatever the colored person doesn't understand he fears. He is full of superstitions, believes in good luck from the rabbit foot when in his own possession and in bad luck when it is "put on him." Not long ago a large number of negroes were on a Virginia railroad platform waiting for a train to take them to a picnic ground. A Boston drummer, with a face as serious as a parson's, took a piece of chalk and a rabbit foot and in the most business like way began to make crosses on the backs of the negroes and touch them with the rabbit foot. The crowd broke for the woods in a panic and there was no picnic that day —Milwaukee Sentinel

Miscellaneous

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